Vol. CVI.—No. 1376] APRIL 30, 1930 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

"CELEBRITIES DISGUISED" : *You Can Win a Rover Car!*

the BYSTANDER

'Soothing as an Old Time Melody'

Spinet-Oval
CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES
20 for 1'3
Ideal for the Pocket or My Lady's Handbag
Tin of 10 for 8d.

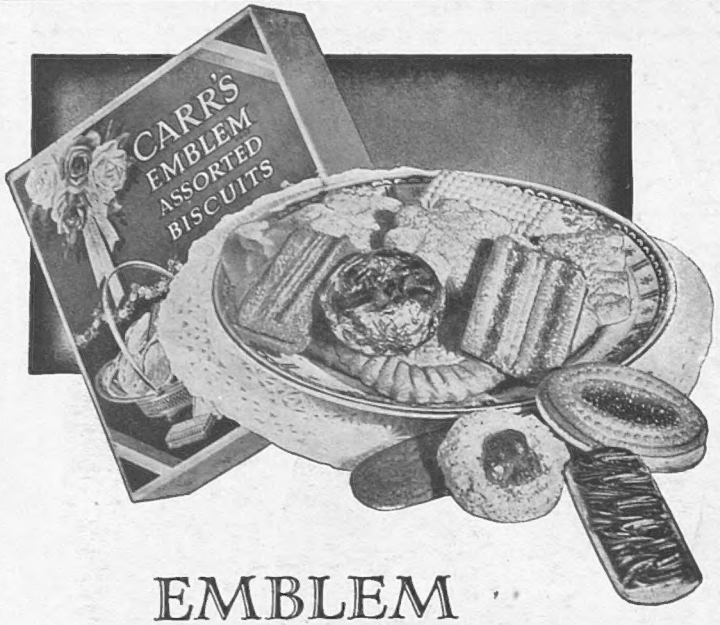
BOLLINGER'S CHAMPAGNE
Special Cuvée
By Appointment to H.M. KING GEORGE V.

You will like Gleneagles Hotel best in May and June
GLENEAGLES HOTEL
GOLF · TENNIS · DANCING · FISHING
SWIMMING · RIDING · SHOOTING (*Clay Pigeon*)
Accommodation should be reserved early. Apply to the Resident Manager, Gleneagles Hotel, Perthshire, Scotland. The Hotel is under the direction of Arthur Towle, Controller L M S Hotel Services, St. Pancras, London, N.W.1.
The Hotel is open throughout the year

Kunzle Dessert Chocolates
101, REGENT ST., W.1.
Head Office and Factory: Five Ways, Birmingham
5/- PER LB.

THE HOTEL LOTTI PARIS
Reconstructed with Every Luxury.
Telegrams: "OTELOTTI, PARIS."

CORDON BLEU
COGNAC
The Liqueur Brandy Matured by 35 years
in MARTELL'S casks



EMBLEM
ASSORTED BISCUITS

For variety this assortment is unique There is a wonderful array of 18 different kinds to tempt the most jaded appetite. The flavour of the first biscuit you try is Good– the second one Better–and so on until you find yourself trying to anticipate the flavour of the next one you eat.

Made only by

CARR'S of CARLISLE

SCOTLAND *for your* HOLIDAYS

ABERDEEN.—Mountain and sea air. Fine sands. Golf. Tennis. Bowling, etc. New pleasure gardens. Dance hall. Theatres, etc. *Town Clerk, Dep. YB.*

ARBROATH.—Healthy situation on Forfarshire coast. Safe bathing. Golf. Putting. Tennis. Bowling. Pierrots. Rock scenery. *Town Clerk, Dep. YC.*

BALLATER, in Royal Deeside. Invigorating climate. Mountain scenery. Golf. Tennis. Bowling. Good fishing. Lovely rambles. *Secretary, St. Elmo, Dep. YD.*

CARNOUSTIE, on the Angus Coast. Sandy beach. Bathing. Golf. Putting. Bowling. Tennis. Pierrot entertainments. Band Concerts. *Town Clerk, Dep. YX.*

CRAIL.—Quaint old Fifeshire town. Recommended by Medical Faculty. Golf. Tennis. Putting. Bowling. Fishing. Good bathing. *Town Clerk, Dep. YE.*

DUNBAR.—Bright and bracing. Cliff promenade. Good golf. Tennis. Bowls, etc. Safety bathing. Children's paddling pool. *Town Clerk, Dep. YH.*

DUNFERMLINE.—Beautiful parks and flower gardens. Pittencrieff Glen. Abbey and Palace. Golf. Tennis. Bowls. Putting. *Town Clerk, Dep. YF.*

DUNOON.—Mild climate. Centre for Clyde pleasure sailings. Boating. Bathing. Golf. Tennis. Bowling. Putting. Entertainments. *Advertising Committee, Dep. YG.*

GRANTOWN-ON-SPEY.—Elevated situation. Beautiful Highland scenery. Salmon and Trout fishing. Golf. Putting, etc. *Convener, Dep. YK, Advertising Comm.*

HELENSBURGH.—Mild climate. Centre for Clyde and Loch Lomond sailings. Beautiful Highland scenery. Golf. Tennis. Bowls. *Secy., Dep. YZ, Advertising Assoc.*

ISLE OF SKYE.—Rugged mountains. Enchanting sea lochs. Historic legends. Romantic associations. Fishing. Golf, etc. *Holiday Agency, Dep. YL, Portree.*

LEVEN.—Bracing East Coast resort. Golf. Putting. Bowling. Boating. Bathing. Fishing. Pierrots, etc. Charming walks. *Secy., Dep. YN, Advertising Committee.*

LOSSIEMOUTH.—Beautiful sandy beach. Invigorating climate. Plentiful sunshine. Golf. Tennis. Bowls. Boating, Fishing. Bathing. *Town Clerk, Dep. YU.*

MACDUFF, on the Moray Firth. Invigorating climate. Fantastic cliff scenery. Fine sands. Golf. Tennis. Putting. Bowling. Fishing, etc. *Town Clerk, Dep. YO.*

MONTROSE.—Fine sandy beach. Exhilarating air. Excellent sporting facilities. Golf. Tennis. Bowling. Bathing. Bands and Concerts. *Town Chamb., Dep. YP.*

NORTH BERWICK.—Equable temperature. Extensive golf links. Good Tennis. Swimming pond. Fine beach. Bowls, etc. *Town Clerk, Dep. YQ.*

ORKNEY.—Exhilarating sea air. Majestic cliffs. Good fishing. Long daylight. Golf. Scope for naturalist, photographer, etc. *County Clerk, Dep. YR, Kirkwall.*

PEEBLES.—Beautiful situation on River Tweed. Mountain scenery. Golf. Tennis. Putting. Bowling. Palatial Hotel Hydro. *Town Clerk, Dep. YY.*

PERTH for Highlands. Beautiful surroundings. Public parks. Golf. Tennis. Bowls, etc. Free fishing. Historical associations. *Town Clerk, Dep. YT.*

ST. ANDREWS.—Golfers' Paradise. Sunny and dry. 4 Golf and 5 Putting courses. Tennis. Bathing. Interesting castle. Entertainments. *Town Clerk, Dep. YV.*

SHETLAND.—Scotland's Norway. Mild climate. Towering headlands. Gorgeous sunsets. Abundant Trout fishing. Golf, etc. *County Clerk, Dep. YA, Lerwick.*

STIRLING.—Picturesquely situated. Charming countryside. Historical interests. Old buildings. All recreations. Convenient tourist centre. *Town Clerk, Dep. YW.*

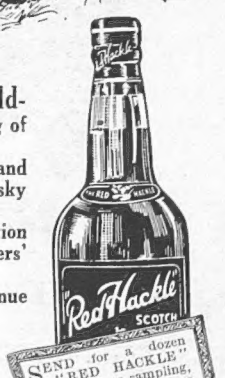
★ **Descriptive Literature on application to the individual addresses shown above or L.N.E.R. Offices. Travel Information at L.N.E.R. Inquiry Offices and Agencies.**

Red Hackle WHISKY

At Quatre Bras *the Black Watch bore the brunt of Ney's surprise cavalry attack. Fighting back-to-back, they repulsed the French at all points. For this prelude to the final overthrow of Napoleon the men were allowed to reckon two years service towards additional pay and pension.*

"RED HACKLE" is an old-fashioned whisky with the real tang of the Hills.
Produced by demobilized Officers and Men to meet the demand for a whisky of pre-war quality and flavour.
Awarded First Prize in the Competition open to all whiskies at the Brewers' Exhibition.
Try it for a change. You will continue to use it from choice.

150/- per dozen, carriage paid.
Proprietors: HEPBURN & ROSS, Kelvin House, GLASGOW, W.2.



SEND for a dozen "RED HACKLE" to-day. If, on sampling, you do not feel you are drinking a better whisky, return the balance at our expense, and have your cheque refunded in full.

THE EMBLEM OF SCOTLAND'S FINEST SPIRIT

"CELEBRITIES DISGUISED" COMPETITION

COUPON AND RULES *(See page 227)*

RULES

WHEN you have identified the well-known people whose disguised portraits appear on page 227, write your solutions in ink on the form provided below.

Cut out the coupon, and keep it and all subsequent coupons until the competition ends.

You may submit as many sets as you please, but each set *must* be complete. Incomplete sets will be destroyed. In the event of a tie for the first place other "Celebrities Disguised" puzzles will be set until won outright. In the event of ties the money prizes will be divided equally.

No reader may win more than one prize.

The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Illustrated Newspapers and their families are not eligible to compete.

Cut out along here

Cut out along here

CELEBRITIES DISGUISED.
COUPON No. 5.

I IDENTIFY

27 As .....

28 As .....

29 As .....

30 As .....

31 As .....

32 As .....

Name .....

Address .....

.....

April 30

The Bystander, April 30, 1930

The BYSTANDER

No. 1376. Vol. CVI

Bertram Park

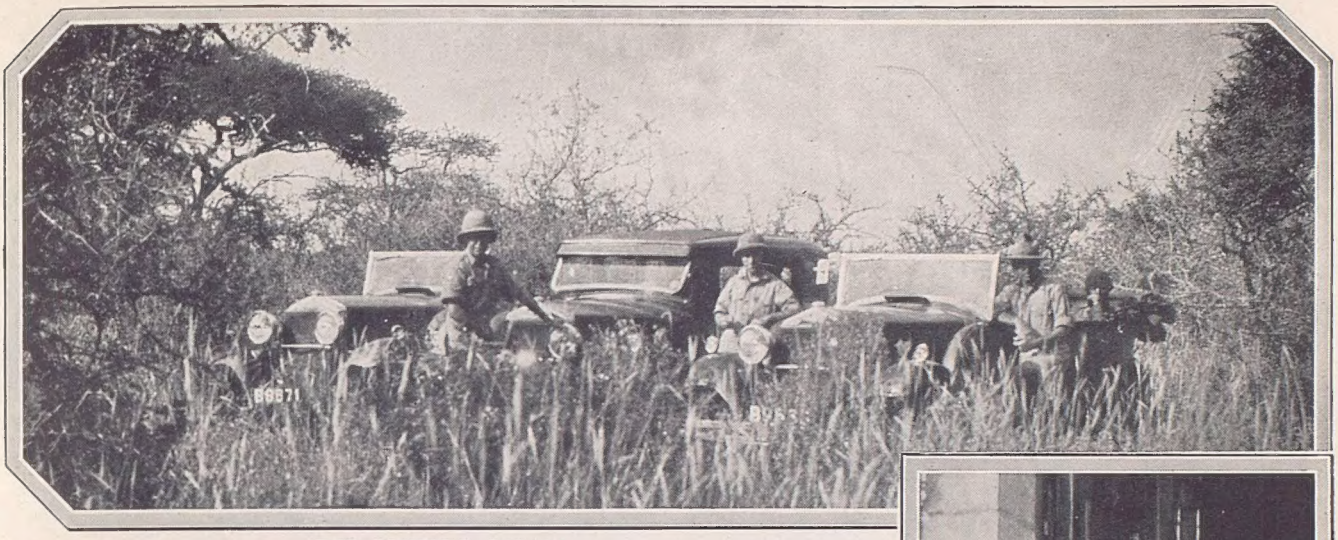
LADY LETTICE LYGON

Eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Beauchamp, who is shortly to marry Mr. Richard G. Cotterell, only son of Sir John Cotterell and the late Lady Evelyn Cotterell, of Garnons, Hereford. Lady Lettice has attended so many of her friends at their weddings that she is frequently referred to as "Society's Greatest Bridesmaid"

GRETA GARBO

The celebrated film star as she appears in her first talkie, "Anna Christie," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture directed by Clarence Brown. Greta Garbo, who originally came from Stockholm, was last seen in a silent film called "The Kiss." Her clear voice is one of the most outstanding features in the new production

The Passing Hour



THE PRINCE'S SAFARI

Three Wolseley cars used during the Prince of Wales's African shooting expedition seen in the Kenya bush. After a very successful tour His Royal Highness is now back again in England, having performed part of the return journey by air

I SHUDDER to think how many thousands of pounds were spent at Le Touquet from Good Friday up to last Thursday. One young man of twenty-five cashed three heavy cheques on Sunday evening, although he had walked into the Casino with £350 which he had won the night before. He went on playing until 7.30 a.m., slept until 6 p.m., went to bed again at 1 a.m., and left Le Touquet by car at 5 a.m. The first rule that every wise gambler makes is never to gamble on Good Fridays and Easter Sundays. The shoe runs round the table at lightning speed, and only the cagnotte makes money.

" CELEBRITIES DISGUISED "

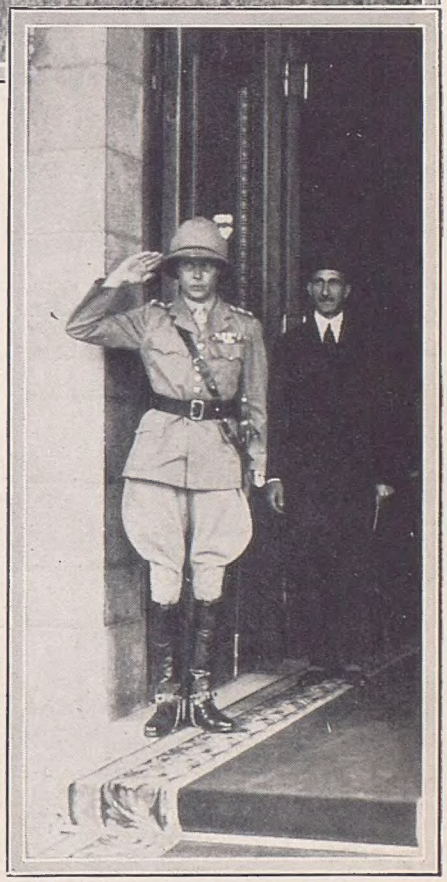
OUR NEW COMPETITION

Turn to page 227 and learn how you can win a fine Rover Saloon Car, valued at £335, in addition to substantial cash prizes.

Readers should start recognising now.

A Wise Bet

AMONG the new gamblers lured by the green baize tables was the young Duke of Norfolk. He also played golf during the day. Sir Philip Sassoon played golf, and varied it at night with boule. Rich men seldom gamble at the High Table. Lord Melchett did once—at Monte Carlo. Mr. Selfridge used to do so occasionally, like M. Citroën. Mr. Benjamin Guinness, like Sir Philip Sassoon, prefers to lose a few francs at boule. General Critchley, Colonel Bishop, V.C., and Mr. John Circuitt all managed to continue their bet of £2,000 corners that they will not play before the end of this year. The end of the year is not yet, however.



The Prince photographed in Cairo on his homeward journey. He is seen saluting a Guard of Honour from the steps of the Abdin Palace

This Masai beauty chorus provided unconscious entertainment during the Prince's safari in Kenya. However, when one of them discovered the uses of the motor horn on one of the cars the performance became rather monotonous, especially as regards the " accompaniment "

LE TOUQUET AND ITS VISITORS

In the Casino

MR. MANSFIELD MARKHAM had one bank that ran eighteen times and another that ran eight times. Sir Hugh Lucas-Tooth had at least one good bank, and so did Lady Scarsdale. Lord Carlow watched his father, Lord Portarlington, playing. The Ward twins watched each other. Sir Philip Sassoon watched everybody. Mr. and Mrs. "Pop" Fane both played. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wills also played a bit.

Casino Souvenirs

IT was typical of a casino town that the gala dinner did not end before 1 a.m., and that the women were given as souvenirs not Easter eggs but chocolate cocktail shakers. Everything was very gay. A Dutch Count in brown evening dress took the place temporarily of Gregor, the orchestra leader. Georges, the barman, was still serving breakfast to the all-night gamblers at 11.15 next morning. How that man keeps his eyes open I do not know.

THE GREAT QUESTION OF THE

A view of the crowd watching the new "tote," worked entirely by electricity, installed in the this robot of betting is making its presence felt, racegoers are wondering what exactly will happen agents, they will give backers the benefit of

Lenare

Mr. T. A. A. Watt, only son of Captain and Mrs. S. A. Watt, of Gunthorpe, Oakham, and his bride, Miss Cavendish-Bentinck, of Ramsdale Park, Nottinghamshire, who were married at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street. The bride was given away by her father, and a reception was afterwards held at 16, Portman Square

Men Present

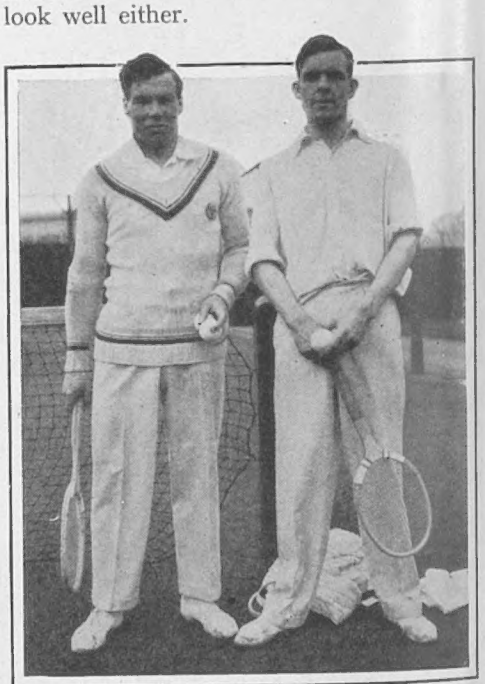
MOST of the Bentley Boys were at Le Touquet. At the Hotel Westminster alone were Captain Tim Birkin, Captain Babe Barnato, and Mr. Jack Barclay. It was from there that Captain Birkin flew over to Brooklands and so dramatically broke Kaye Don's record—and then flew nonchalantly back again. Lord Molyneux, Sir Percy Simmons, Mr. Mansfield Markham, Sir Robert Horne, Mr. Leslie Henson, and Prince Fuad were among the other male visitors to Le Touquet.

Women Present

AMONG the women were Lady Ashley, Mrs. Dudley Ward, Mrs. Barbara Hamilton, Mrs. Hannaway, Miss Dorothy Dickson, Miss Baba Redhead, and Miss Betty Mossop-Fletcher. Among the young married couples were Mr. and Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger, Sir John and Lady Dashwood, Colonel and Mrs. Bishop, General and Mrs. Critchley, Mr. and Mrs. John Circuitt, Lord and Lady Scarsdale, Captain and Mrs. Derek Murphy, and Captain and Mrs. Kellett. Among the engaged couples were Mr. Adrian Holman and Miss Anne Tyrrell, who are being married to-day (Wednesday) at Notre-Dame, and Mr. John Gretton and Miss Margaret Loeffler.

Ensemble

SIR JOSEPH TICHBORNE was the only sad man at Le Touquet. He has had a bad dose of jaundice, and nothing can make one more depressed than that. All he could do was to wear a light yellow shirt and a light yellow collar. He told everyone that it made the yellowness of his cheeks less noticeable. Sir Robert Horne did not look well either.



OUR DAVIS

Colin Gregory (left) and Ian Collins, who represented Great Britain in the Doubles in the Davis Cup, at Queen's Club last week. Their opponents were the veteran H. Kleinschroth, who with Rahez won the All-Comers Doubles at Wimbledon in 1913, and W. Dessart

SPORTING EVENTS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

Sport and General

TURF

Silver Ring, at the Newmarket Craven Meeting. Now that to course bookmakers, and whether, like the big commission "tote" prices

A Rare Event

THE Holman-Tyrrell wedding in Notre-Dame will have caused a remarkable migration of silk hats and morning coats from London to Paris. It is the opening event of the Paris season. Guests at the wedding will be well advised to have some spare change in their pockets, as the time-honoured tradition of taking alms from them to give to the poor will be observed. The reception is taking place in the British Embassy, where the smartest women of Paris will no doubt be seen. An Ambassador's daughter does not marry the First Secretary every day of the week in any capital.

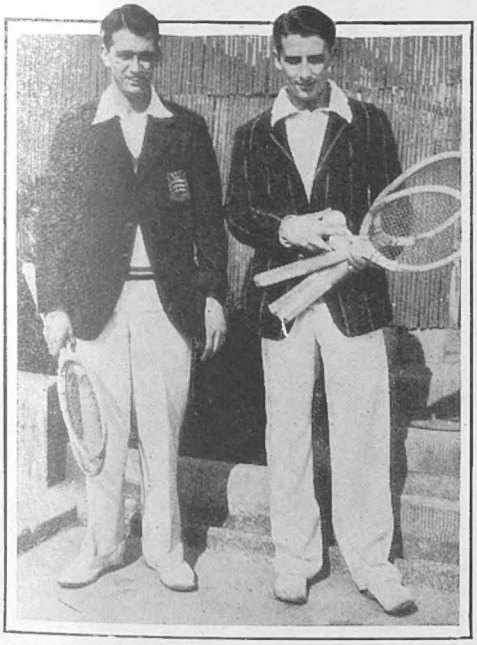
Hay Wrightson

LADY KATHERINE EVELYN CONSTANCE FITZMAURICE

The seventeen-year-old daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Lansdowne, one of this year's debutantes. Lady Katherine is a great lover of sport, and has a wide circle of friends both in the country and in London

On Calligraphy

AN interesting comparison of handwritings can be found in the appeal now being



CUP TEAM

H. G. N. Lee and H. W Austin, who represented Great Britain in the Singles against Germany during the first round of the Davis Cup. In the first round Austin lost to Dr. H. Landmann, the match going to five sets before the German won

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

Many of the horses mentioned in this column since the opening of the flat racing season have yet to run, and I hope my readers have them noted for early engagements. I repeat that the horses I select are not intended for any particular races. Already there have been several long-priced winners to cheer us.

GALA MORN is a filly that is sure to improve as the season progresses. She was up against formidable opposition at Kempton Park, but Gordon Richards managed to ride her into a place. There were liberal commissions for Gala Morn in the offices, and I am sure she will prove a money-spinner for Ogbourne.

JEROME FANDER carried £400 of one professional's money at Newcastle. He is a useful colt, but he met one smarter in Twelfth Night. He gave a promising display and should not be missed in the North.

GOLDEN GRACE was considered a certainty in some quarters over a mile and a quarter at Newmarket. The Whatcombe colt swerved and failed to retrieve lost ground and finished fourth.

LAMPETO should regain losses for admirers over a sharper course. Lost in the last few strides at Newbury and at Newmarket after starting with rare dash. There was some heavy wagering, two books alone standing to lose over £3,000.

IRISH MINT should not be lost sight of. Was backed at 100 to 8 down to 9 to 4 at Birmingham, and raced neck and neck with Lady Kitty colt for four furlongs and then lost his place.

LEMNARCHUS at Newmarket was considered to be one of Beckhampton's "good things" at Newmarket and was the medium for some genuine wagering. Would have given his conqueror, Pricket, a closer race if he had got off as smartly. I am confident he will prove a useful colt.

Rapnael

MISS LILIAS BAIRD

Niece of Brigadier-General Sir Henry and Lady Page Croft, to be presented by her aunt this Season. Miss Baird is the granddaughter of the late Sir William Baird of Saughton Hall

WANTED — A NEW POET LAUREATE

issued by the National Council of Girls' Schools. The strong signature of the Duchess of Atholl, the immense drive and persistence in that of the Lord Mayor, Sir William Waterlow, the flowing delicate signature of the Chief Rabbi, are all significant of the people who wrote them. There is also the "Elizabeth" of the Duchess of York. This is the most attractive handwriting of all.

A Good Object

THE object of the appeal is to secure money to start new clubs in necessitous and new housing areas, to found holiday centres, and to help existing girls' clubs with the expansion of their work. These clubs have competitions, and teach cooking, dressmaking, home-nursing and first aid, as well as practical training in household work. £85,000 is wanted for the clubs and £15,000 for an endowment of the National Council, which acts as an advisory centre. The Duchess of York had agreed to be present at a rally in the Albert Hall towards the end of June; but presumably she will not be able to do so after all.

To See St. Donat's

AMERICA is so resilient that there seems little likelihood of a decline in the numbers of transatlantic visitors this season. Next month, incidentally, Mr. Hearst is coming over to inspect and occupy St. Donat's Castle, that lovely mediæval place in Wales which he bought by cable after just seeing a photograph of it. It has been marvellously furnished, and some of the Lansdowne marbles which he secured through an agent at the sale recently have already been installed. Mr. Hearst has never yet seen the castle.

Lady Aberdare, the Chairman of the "Looking Glass Ball," which took place last Monday, April 28, at Grosvenor House, in aid of the National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children. She is seen with her "reflection," Lady Digby, the youngest daughter of the second Lord Aberdare

Hay Wrightson

MISS MARGARET WIGHAM

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Hay Wigham is among those who will be presented during the coming Season. A dance will be given for her at 6, Audley Square, W., tomorrow, May 1

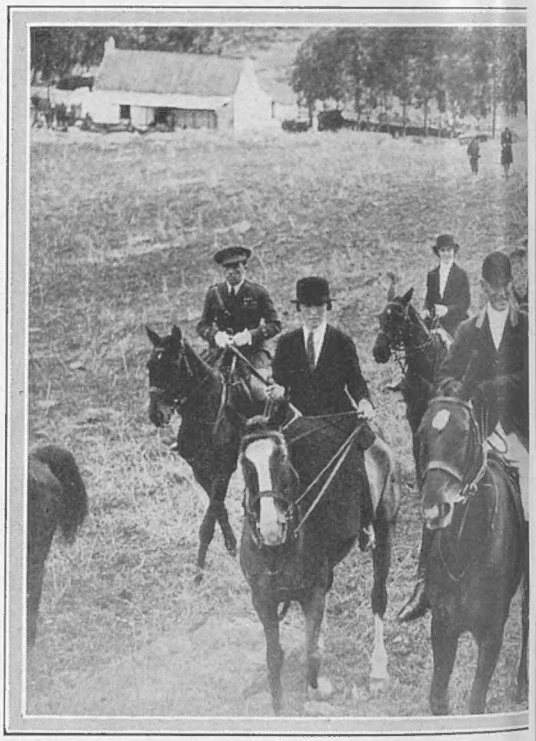
Who Will Succeed

I DO not suppose a successor will have been found to Dr. Bridges, the Poet Laureate, before these words appear in print. The obvious choice would be Mr. Rudyard Kipling, the poet of Empire, especially as the country is becoming, thanks to Lord Beaverbrook, so Empire - conscious. Mr. Kipling, however, is said to have refused it before. Whoever gets the post and the £97 a year that goes with it will probably never fall to the level of Dr. Bridges' predecessor who, when writing about the late King, achieved the gloriously flat couplet:

> Swift through the world the electric message came
> "The King is no better. He is just the same."

A Young Man Wanted

WHAT we really want is a youngish man as Poet Laureate—someone like Siegfried Sassoon. But he is so



A HUNTING OCCA

The Royal Calpé moving off from the meet at Malaga Venta, the son of General Muslera, the Governor of Algeciras, Governor and Commander-in-Chief

SOME RECENT WEDDINGS

busy writing prose about hunting that perhaps he would be unsuitable. Robert Graves has blotted his copy-book with "Good-bye To All That." Robert Nichols does not seem to write much poetry nowadays. Nor does John Masefield. One can hardly imagine a Sitwell as Poet Laureate. Noel Coward would be unsuitable, too. It will probably go to Sir William Watson.

Lady Gort's Engagement

THE engagement of Lady Gort to Mr. Eddy Blatt, who is fifteen years her junior, will not have come as a surprise to their acquaintances. Lady Gort makes up her mind quickly. Not long ago she had a monkey which was taken ill. It was stated at the time that she sent it off to a nursing-home to convalesce. Mr. Blatt is twenty-two years old, and associated with advertising. He is the nephew of a well-known financier at present rather in the background.

At Holy Trinity

THE marriage of the Duke of Portland's niece, Miss Alice Cavendish-Bentinck, at Holy Trinity Church, was a pretty affair. Lady Titchfield lent her house for the reception, and Lady Peggy and Lady Anne Cavendish-Bentinck were among the bridesmaids. Meantime, the Duke has been catching vast numbers of salmon in the North—three-

Central Press

SION AT GIB.

near Gibraltar. In the foreground are Capt. Muslera (left), the Hon. Gay Best, General Sir Alexander Godley, the of Gibraltar, and Miss Larios

BY H. F. CROWTHER SMITH

Above are seen our artist's impressions of some of the well-known people who attended the opening of the new clubhouse at the Thorpeness Golf Club this month. Mr. Stewart Ogilvie, J.P., the Lord of the Manor of Thorpeness, is the author of many publications and was a friend of Sir Henry Irving

quarters of a ton of them, in fact. He continues to dislike photographs of himself or his family being taken. Lady Portarlington is another camera-phobe.

At St. Margaret's

ANY number of artists and their wives went to the wedding of Miss Doris Jack, the daughter of the Royal Academician, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Mr. Julius Olsson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Salisbury, Sir David Murray, and Mr. Greiffenhagen were easily recognisable. Lady Alexander wore what looked like a chinchilla coat, and Lady Ashfield was there too.

Those Chinchillas

IT is said that there are only three chinchillas in London, or four when Miss Fannie Ward elects to pay her daughter, Lady Plunkett, a visit. The lucky owners of the other trio include the daughter of a duke and the daughter of a noble lord (the Hon. Mrs. Wilson-Filmer). They are sufficiently few and far between, though, for maîtres d'hôtels to recognise them, and for women to stare. Personally, I should prefer Russian sables—or even Canadian ones.

Which Do You Prefer?

IT might make an interesting competition to decide in order of popularity those types of furs which readers of THE BYSTANDER would prefer to have. I expect the list would be something like this:—

(1) Russian sables.
(2) Chinchilla.

WEATHERING THE WEATHER AT LE TOUQUET

P. and A.

EASTER AT LE TOUQUET

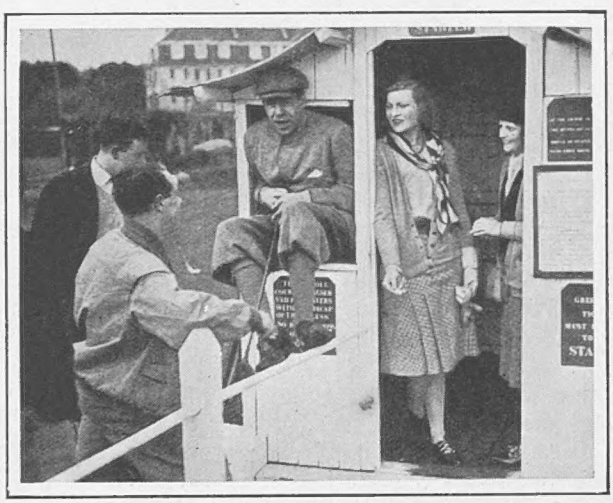
Miss Dorothy Dickson (left), the popular actress, and Lady Scarsdale found fur coats were very necessary adjuncts during the cold Easter weather

Mr. Finch (left) on the golf course at Le Touquet with the Duke of Norfolk. The Duke was among the players at the Casino during the evenings

P. and A.

P. and A.

Sir Philip Sassoon (left) and Mr. Robert Sweeney, Junr., on the golf course at Le Touquet. The wet and cold made the "nineteenth hole" a more than usually attractive spot for the great majority of golfers



Alfieri

The rain it rainéd every day, more or less, during the Easter holidays. Above are seen Mr. Nigel Sesley, Mr. Robin d'Erlanger, Miss Mollie Gretton and Miss Margaret Loeffler making the best of a wet job on the golf course at Le Touquet

(3) Canadian sables.
(4) Mink.
(5) Ermine.

I cannot pretend to unravel the rival merits of undressed lamb, pony skin, and rabbit, even if it is the best angora.

Good for Speed

HAVE you ever played Demon Patience, otherwise known as Racing Demon? I am told that this irritating game, which many consider fit only for people intending to become telephone operators, was taught to Helen Wills in order to quicken her brain at tennis.

Mrs. Helen Wills Moody, as she must now be called, will take part in both the English and the French championships. She claims to be in better form since her marriage than even before. I wonder whether Eileen Bennett is the same?

At Monte Carlo

NOTHING sounds prettier than a Carnation Gala such as they held at the Hôtel de Paris in Monte Carlo the other day. The Hon. Mrs. Greville was hostess to Sir Austen and Lady Chamberlain and Miss Diana Chamberlain. Prince Danilo of Montenegro, delighted at having won his case against that American film company, was entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Berry Wall. Lady Ludlow, in blue lace, white fox and lovely diamonds, was hostess to Colonel and Lady Zia Wernher.

All Nations

ONE of the reasons for the continued popularity of the Riviera is the fact that its appeal is an International one. Not one country, or even one continent, is responsible for the money that flows into the Côte d'Azur during the season, and probably the most cosmopolitan of all the holiday centres here is Monte Carlo. Perhaps this cosmopolitanism is best illustrated by a list of names of the people staying there—Prince Dadiani, Sir Frederick Halliday, Baronne Vera Dopfinger, General Polovtsoff, Colonel Moore, M.P., Madame Stagni, Sir Ralph Blois, Madame Popdam, and the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Brougham. To this list could be added the names of many well-known people who have returned.

Golf at Alwoodley

IN the issue of April 9 under a photograph of Mrs. O. C. Bristow and Miss D. Harthill in the *Eve* Northern Foursomes, held at Alwoodley, Leeds, it was announced that these players had defeated their opponents, Mrs. P. C. Lee and Miss Platts, by one hole. This was incorrect, for the latter pair were victorious. Also, owing to an error in the photographer's caption, the two players on the left were misnamed, and should read Mrs. Raymond Cooper and partner.

FEET OF CLAY

By "Kim"

He signed the Naval Treaty—I mean Mr. Ramsay Macdonald—with a golden pen which was afterwards presented to him by M. Briand with the polite gesture we expect from France, and yet with a somewhat cryptic smile. I hope that this golden pen will not prove to be as barbed as Apollo's Arrow; but despite all the jubilation and mutual congratulations, the effect of this Treaty is to place the United States in a predominant position on the seas. She requires her fleet for no widespread Empire, and she can mobilise it, thanks to the Panama Canal, at short notice, were it so deemed, for purposes of aggression, whereas the British Navy has to patrol all oceans and seas.

We are now cutting down our Navy by four thousand men, on whom enormous sums have been lavished to educate them; and we are also reducing our Army perilously near to a situation fraught with danger. This form of Pacifism may appeal to a great number of people—like General Crozier and Commander King-Hall—who seem to think that any national effort to enable the British nation to remain a world Power by force of arms, if necessary, is to be deprecated. If they really imagine that the British Empire can remain a Power with any appeal to its many peoples and a force in world politics if all its fighting powers are destroyed, it shows how blind they are to history.

The truest thing that ever was said was that God is on the side of the big battalions; and what we are doing in place of preserving a strong defensive position, so that other peoples should think twice before they proceed to pick a quarrel with us, is to weaken national defences, discourage what is termed "Militarism" in every shape or form, and merely aid and abet the Socialist pirates whose object is to rob everyone of their property or wealth by paralysing taxes or laws. In other words, Communism is creeping in and British Nationalism is being squeezed out.

In India, Lord Irwin, the Viceroy with Feet of Clay, has funked facing the issue fairly and squarely of Hindus who only needed a firm hand and a little chastisement in order to make them show respect to the British Raj, and reveals again the feebleness which prevails in political councils. I have waited, expecting to see at least some sign of disgust and anger from the Conservative Leaders in regard to India, to say nothing of the Naval Treaty. I have waited, as many of us have, thinking that strong public opinion would be roused by Mr. Baldwin for the recall of Lord Irwin. But not a sign! All these men have Feet of Clay, and it is becoming increasingly evident that the present generation before long has got to throw over the present political parties and face Socialists with a strong National Party, with which only prosperity can live.

"R. D. B."

Otherwise Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld, Managing Editor of the "Daily Express," whose racy Diary is referred to in "Kim's" article

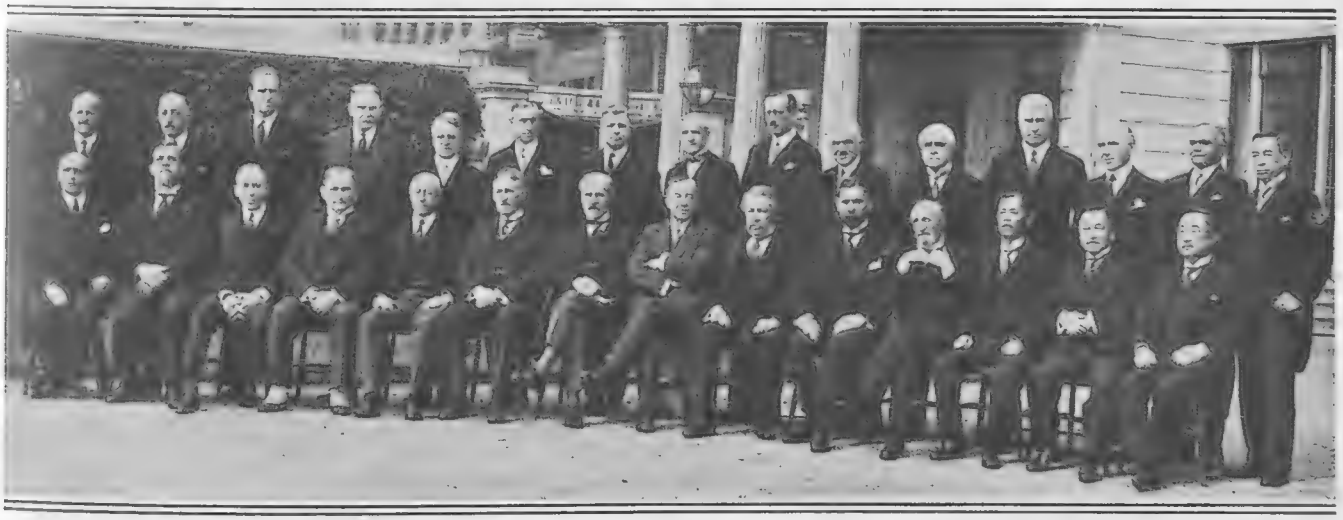
One realises in these matters how upside-down Britain has become during the last generation or two through its inane politicians, who apologise for War and seem bent upon making British people a nation of Pacifists and "Hands Up," on any and every occasion. The extraordinary thing is that the British people, and particularly the English and Scots, are the best fighting races on the face of the Earth. The British Empire was built up by the force of character of British soldiers and sailors, and not on the stunts of politicians. When it comes to business and tricks the English are about the most inefficient people in the world, and a nation of Empire builders requires to be, if not militarist, at any rate always ready to defend its rights.

This takes me to Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld's Diary just published (Messrs. Heinemann, 8*s.* 6*d.*). "R. D. B." has been for nearly forty years behind the scenes, has met practically everyone worth meeting, and his Diary is full of amusing comments on people, with very many shrewd observations. Again, often in his Diary one realises the bluff and humbug of the politicians, and how behind the façade of their apparent greatness the discriminating observer, the trained journalistic mind, could see the Feet of Clay.

Among others we note that early in 1908 he met Mr. Stanley Baldwin—

> who hopes one day to get into Parliament like his father before him . . . he is rather shy and not at all politician-like in his manner, and I do not suppose that he will ever do more than follow his leaders if he gets in. But I should call him a pleasant, cultured, conscientious, but badly-dressed man, without much desire to sit in the limelight; also, he has a sense of humour, and when he smiles it lights up a face that is rugged and interesting.

Mr. Blumenfeld in 1908 characterises the Conservative leader in a most prophetic manner. Feet of Clay!



Photopress

THE MEN WHO SIGNED THE PEACE TREATY

The principal Delegates are seated next to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald (seventh from the left). On the Prime Minister's right is Senator Stimson, on his left Mr. Arthur Henderson, and next to him M. Briand

AT THE PLAY

EAST END AND

Sketches of "Down Our Street," at the Vaudeville Theatre, by H. H. HARRIS

"DOWN OUR STREET," AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE

Bill Collins (Morris Harvey) having a little domestic chat with his wife, Annie (Nancy Price) The razor in his hand is not a weapon of offence, but merely the article with which he plies his trade

"Down Our Street," at the Vaudeville Theatre

THIS comedy by Ernest George is one of the best pictures of East End life which has ever been seen on the stage. The story itself, which deals with the daughter of a barber who "walks out" with a young man well acquainted with the inside of a prison, and causes her mother the greatest anxiety by disappearing, is distinctly thin, and is finished off in a way far from convincing, but it serves its purpose in allowing the author to show an amusing and sometimes pathetic group of East End characters in whom we can believe and whose actions cause endless amusement.

AND the author has put into the mouths of his characters some admirable dialogue. The language of the East-Ender is not renowned for refinement, but Mr. Ernest George has very cleverly suggested its coarseness without hardly ever using words which—as in *Suspense*—are really unsuited to the stage. Time and time again laughs loud and long are won by racy remarks which are always in key with the character which makes them.

AMONG this entertaining crowd two stand out vividly. The lazy rooster, Bill Collins, who deserves every peck his worried wife gives him, is a true comedy figure superbly played by Morris Harvey. The worried wife, also a figure of fun—but of tragedy, too—is another lifelike portrait which is made memorable by Nancy Price's perfect performance. Yet another character, beautifully played by Maisie Darrell, is the revolting daughter, while minor parts lose nothing of their point as acted by Milton Rosmer, a bookmaker's tout, Stanley Vilven, an Italian coffee-house keeper, and Ronald A. Shiner, most effective in the tiny part of a tram conductor. If this play does not have a successful run I shall be not only surprised, but disappointed.

"Insult," at the Little Theatre

A REMOTE province of the Dutch East Indies is the background of *Insult*, derived by J. E. Harold Terry and Harry Tighe from the Dutch play *Dolle Hans*, of Jan Fabricius. This background is, I think, new to the English stage.

THE theme deals with the position of the half-caste, in this case Lieut. Hartman, a first-rate soldier who suffers because of his parentage. The young controller of the province, Does de Weert, likes and respects him; his wife's feelings for the man are even stronger, but he is loathed by Does's father, Major de Weert, who is Hartman's superior officer.

IT is the relations between these four, to which is added a native rising, thanks to the crass imbecility of the Dutch Colonial Office, which provide the drama, culminating in Hartman, falsely accused by the Major of seducing his daughter-in-law, striking his superior officer, and, in consequence, being sentenced to death. Up to this point the play possesses both strength and interest. It would have possessed both greater strength and greater interest had an actor more accomplished played the vindictive major. The performance of David Horne, however, was far from being good. He made the part too flabby. Remarks made to him should have yielded sparks as from blows beating on a hot iron on an anvil. These sparks were conspicuous by their absence, and it was this lack of "playing up" to the others that made the task of Leslie Perrins,

Belle Collins (Maisie Darrell) is a revolting daughter of the above happy pair—revolting in the sense that she has cut loose from her mother's apron strings

EAST INDIES

By Vernon Woodhouse

who was excellent as the half-caste, Denys Blakelock, giving a clever study in indecision, and Marjorie Mars, who played with spirit as his wife, infinitely harder than it should have been. The last act, which takes place in Lieut. Hartman's cell, was not, to my mind, quite up to the level of the other two, even though Leslie Perrins was here given acting chances of which he availed himself to the full.

"B. J. One," at the Globe Theatre

IN a long theatre-going experience I cannot recall any play which has done justice to the Navy. Nelson has, of course, been used on more than one occasion, but never effectively; while to come to modern times I can vaguely recall a silly comedy called *The Luck of the Navy*, when the naval luck consisted in those officers and men who gave it a wide berth. Ian Hay, who wrote *The Middle Watch* with Commander Stephen King-Hall, simply used a battle cruiser as a fresh background for old farcical situations, so that they can be ruled out of the list, even though it is going great guns at the Shaftesbury.

BUT Commander Stephen King-Hall must evidently have had qualms about his share in that farce, and to make amends has written *B. J. One* (a naval signal), which Maurice Browne has presented—free of charge so far as programmes and cloak-rooms are concerned—at the Globe Theatre. In this play the gallant commander has taken himself—and the Navy—quite seriously. Too seriously, indeed, in the last act, which resolves itself into a business discussion upon Cartels—over-production of steel. Doubtless this discussion points a moral, but a moral in a play is as unnecessary as morals.

WHATEVER merits or demerits this play possesses—and it has both—I doubt whether I shall ever completely forget Acts I and II. The first, which is set in Operations Room at the Admiralty on May 30th/31st, 1916—the latter date being the evening on which the Battle of Jutland was fought—

Sam (Milton Rosmer), Belle's uncle, in fancy waistcoat, a bookmaker's tout of resource and sagacity. The gentleman in black is Fred Anning (Frederick Burtwell), looking forward to a funeral

TYPES IN AN EAST END ITALIAN CAFE

Ginger (Philip Godfrey) and Sam (Milton Rosmer) playing "all they know" at dominoes, while Tessie Bernstein (Violet Howard) has a few words with Carlo (Stanley Vilven), a son of Italy and owner of the café

struck me, as a layman, as being a true picture, and the same may be said of the scene in the second act depicting the bridge of a light cruiser during that battle, and although there is little action, except a naval one, the scene is distinctly dramatic, and as a stage picture reflects great credit on the producer, Reginald Bach.

IN a very large cast Basil Loder, as the First Lord of the Admiralty, played the part with an air of detachment which was most effective, while others, in which no female figured, who seized their chances were Henry Hewitt, Andrew Leigh and Ian Fleming.

V. W.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

By Clemence Dane

CRITICISM is difficult when a book fascinates the reader from the first page to the last as completely as Jean Richard Bloch's *& Co.* fascinated me.

One abuses the sex-novel as morbid, dull and unedifying; but I often think that it is dying out of fashion because the writers have cried with too much conviction and for too long, "Love is enough!" The Victorians knew better! The Victorians, who wrote more about love and sex than one gives them credit for, had, however, the jolly habit of embedding their most violent, psychological and emotional excitements in a fat novel of family or Society life. They gave full measure. Five hundred thousand words or so was nothing to them, and they were perfectly willing to throw you in a shipwreck or a poisoning as well! Who thinks of Dickens as a "shocker" writer? But I defy any modern inventor of crime stories to beat the plot-thrills of *Our Mutual Friend* or *Edwin Drood*! As a result of all this generosity the sex-novel and the love-novel took their proper but minor places as individual incidents embedded in the tale of life as a whole.

TO-DAY many of the leading writers, not only of England but of Europe, are returning to the older form. One has only to think of such recent publications as *Buddenbrooks, The Good Companions, Rogue Herries, Hudson River Bracketed, Singermann, Coronet, Look Homeward, Angel, Kristin Lavransdatter, Jew Süss,* to realise how far the pendulum has swung from the novels that amused us during the War.

NOT least in importance among these new novels of family life is C. K. Scott-Moncrieff's translation of *& Co.* by Jean Richard Bloch. Scott-Moncrieff himself is famous for his translation of Proust and for his magnificent modern versions of *Beowulf* and *The Song of Roland*. He is, or was, for he died recently, one of the great translators.

& Co. seems to me worthy of his powers. It is a simple story, and yet an exciting one; for all human endeavour is exciting, and Simler & Co. had to fight against great odds. Simler was an Alsatian manufacturer, who at the end of the Franco-Prussian War found himself faced with the bitter choice: prosperity and a change of nationality, or ruin and France. He chose France. The book opens with the touching, humorous yet half-tragic account of how the decision was taken. The two Simler sons have found and bought a derelict factory in the west of France. They have run themselves and the family into debt in order to buy it and come home with the news.

After endless wrestlings they persuade the elders to tempt fortune, and the whole tribe sets out for France with their workpeople.

JEAN RICHARD BLOCH

Whose novel, "& Co." (Gollancz: 8s. 6d.), is reviewed in the accompanying article by Miss Clemence Dane

THE little French town receives them suspiciously. The Simlers are certainly French and martyrs; but they are also Jews. What could be more alien from the feminine civilisation of France than the masculine civilisation of Israel? But the Simlers succeed. They play out in miniature the eternally repeated history of their race. The wandering Jew comes as an outcast: but becomes a prince. The Simlers end as the little monarchs of their town.

BUT on success follows decay, and the end of the book suggests that "Co." at least cannot escape the fate of the race: that it will soon be time for the Simlers to set out on fresh wanderings enriched, as they always are enriched, by the civilisation and the genius of the people among whom they have sojourned.

THE book is exciting and beautiful. It writes of the most sordid details of a narrow-minded group of petty burghers in a narrow-minded little town. It concerns itself with their petty profits, pinchings and losses; yet it invests these details with so vivid a reality that you follow the adventures of every member of the family with keenest interest and concern.

JOSEPH SIMLER and Hélène Le Pleynier divine each other's quality: they are deeply attracted: each wishes to marry the other. But the Simler family make it clear that this union between France and Israel must not be, and they part for ever. Their love-story is the centre of the book and—it remains untold!

YET in Joseph's youngest child, Louis, born of a sensible "arranged" marriage, Hélène recognises the spirit which she has loved in Joseph. Louis is spiritually the child of Joseph and Hélène, of Israel and France: Joseph has been faithful in his fashion, and so she comforts herself, perceiving that when once more Simler & Co. depart on their eternal wanderings it is Louis who will lead them.

BY A. R. CANE

AUNTIE: "A rough manner, I grant you, but I'm sure he has a kind heart. Why, they say he put his shirt on a poor horse who was scratched!"

OUR PUBLIC MEN

Exclusively photographed for THE BYSTANDER *by Howard Coster*

THE RT. HON. LEOPOLD STENNETT AMERY, P.C., M.P.

Secretary of State for the Colonies in the late Government, is an ardent believer in Empire Free Trade and in the necessity for imposing considered duties on manufactured foreign articles. He holds that, as a practical means of reducing unemployment, immediate and urgent action is necessary

if . . . gossip we

FEW people can find anything particularly gratifying about the Budget, but I must confess to a certain melancholy satisfaction in discovering that most of the next morning comments on Mr. Snowden's effort coincided with what I wrote in these pages six weeks ago on the habits of modern politicians—never mind to what party they belong—who are ready to act on a vote-catching basis. Mr. Snowden's job was not easy. He had to find the money somehow. But it was quite easy for him to decide in what direction to proceed.

This was in the direction of the comparatively small proportion of the population who pay any sort of income tax, and right away from the many non-tax-paying millions. The pockets of the latter must on no account be touched lest their wrath should rise up and revenge their inclination to vote favourably. Mr. Snowden is personally an honest man, and, so far as the system and party considerations allow him to be, is an honest politician. But the circumstances of democracy are too strong, *for democracy is always corrupt.*

PICCADILLY IN 1830

A scene from "C. B. Cochran's 1930 Revue," now in full swing at the London Pavilion. I addition of some picturesque ballets and appealing songs. The gorgeous dresses that appear i

"SONG IN MY HEART" Sasha

Is the name of the charming number, sung by Eric Marshall and Gunda Mordhorst, in this scene from "C. B. Cochran's 1930 Revue." They are supported by Roy Royston, Ada May, and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies

LAST year the people who paid Income Tax numbered 2,150,000. Those who escaped completely were 28,000,000, or thereabouts. So clap more direct tax on to the more or less patient few and let the rest escape altogether. Labour's organ calls this "putting the burden on the broadest backs." It is nothing of the sort. It is adding yet more to backs that are already staggering under a burden which those who stand round with nothing to carry at all do not have to attempt to alleviate.

In addition to the direct taxation, the Income Tax payers contribute infinitely more than the exempt in the way of indirect taxation. They write more letters, buy more taxed goods, and pay every iota of their share in this respect before they are mulcted

POLICEMAN: "Snatched your bag
JOYCE: "Well, he had a plain

must..

Sasha

depicts Pie[illegible] as seen a hundred years ago, with the this scene [illegible] of the outstanding features of the show

[illegible]tven knows what in the pound [illegible]e insistence of those nasty pale [illegible]i envelopes, which the Worker [illegible] a big W) never sets eyes on. [illegible]t the untaxed millions can al[illegible]s outvote those who go a long way to[illegible]ards supporting them. Moreover, they can easily be induced to vote that those who largely pay for the Army and Navy which protects them, for the free education their children receive, for the doles they draw, and the rest of it, shall pay more and more, and still more. For the free comforts and benefits increase as the amount extracted from the unfortunate few increases. Disaster is inevitable, but it is great fun while it lasts for the party in office and those they flatter. That is what is meant by Socialism in our time—"a near offer." It is in reality the most hideously tyrannical nightmare that has ever existed in any country outside Russia. And no politician who does not want to lose his seat at the next Election and disappear from politics will dare to propose putting an end to it.

PARIS loathes Mr. Snowden as, perhaps, no city (or whole nation, for that matter) has ever loathed a man before. But they may now relent somewhat, for surely they will be grateful to him for having given them a smile. Just at the very moment when the French nation receives an Easter Egg in the form of the abolition of £40,000,000 of tax, Mr. Snowden adds to the load of the highest taxed country in the world an amount nearly as large.

Stage Photo Co.

GLEN ELLYN

The American dancer who appears in "De la Folie Pure," the Folies Bergère Revue now running at the Victoria Palace

YET Paris is very empty and is complaining bitterly of lack of tourists with money to burn on the doubtful pleasures of Montmartre. What with Mr. Snowden to settle matters for us and the Wall Street slump to settle it for the U.S., I fear those little restaurants and cabarets will be closed for a long time, and some of them for ever. To sit round bottles of sweet champagne at 150 francs apiece, in a stuffy cellar at 4 a.m., with harlots pretending to be Bohemians, or Bohemians pretending to be harlots, watching not very white White Russians balancing daggers on their teeth to the strains of the Volga Boat Song, is an overrated pastime. I fancy even the most ingenuous sightseer has tumbled to that fact at last. I found that Zelli's, however, had reopened, after a long closure, the other night. And with a sauerkraut supper. Imagine that in Paris less than ten years ago!

THE French hatred of the Bosche is not, it seems, quite what it was. The German language is heard in the capital as well as the sound of sauerkraut and Frankfurter sausages in course of mastication. So, too, is German music. At the Opera they do *Rosenkavalier* extremely well, but, of course, under the title of *Le Chevalier à la Rose,* and with a French cast. The French flock to this, and like it. The Americans are always staunch supporters of the Paris Opera, though a woman next to me, with a voice like a macaw, and emeralds as large as eggs, explained to her companion that Strauss's masterpiece was "tew lorng."

BY no means "tew lorng"—in fact, not nearly lorng enough, is Cochran's supper revue, *The Prosperity Party,* at the Trocadero. C. B. C. was there with his own prosperity party at a big round table, which included Mrs. Cochran, the beauteous Joan Clarkson, the attractive Kay Hammond (no

By Bertram Park

[illegible]d he? What was he like?"
[illegible]ce—but adorable eyes"

A BILL OF FAIR AT THE TROC.

Topical

Lady Inverclyde, known to the theatre-going public as June, is considering an offer to take part in a "talkie" which, so it is said, is to be "The Yellow Mask." Meanwhile she and her husband have left London for a quiet holiday in Spain, where the ex-actress will come to a definite decision. They are seen at Victoria Station before their departure

relation to Aubrey), the soulful Frank Collins, and others. He was off to Paris and Berlin the next morning, partly in connection with productions with which he is to be associated with Maurice Browne. Edmund Gwenn came across from the Piccadilly Theatre, where his dancing recently excited the envy of George Robey.

THE revue-let is very bright, and some of it comes down among the tables. You may even, if you are lucky, get a wisp of the frock of a ballerina in your cup of soup—a very seasonable flavour, believe me. An energetic young man named Michel played the xylophone and danced at the same time. Teddy Brown plays the xylophone, but does not dance. Stadler and Rose are billed as sensational dancers, and Wiser and Ward, two American gentlemen, threw hats about. W. and W. are clever enough, but they really must not precede their efforts by the remark "Say, folks, now we're goin' to have lots of fun," which is sufficient to send the average person straight out into Shaftesbury Avenue and a cab.

LONDON'S taximen are, for the most part, a decent and honest crowd. But some of them concoct little tricks. Here is one against which I caution the unwary. One rings up from one's house or flat for a cab, which arrives and duly departs with its load. A few minutes later another cab turns up. "What do you want? We didn't order you." "Beg pardon, sir, but you did. Rang up the rank. My flag's down, and I can't afford to lose the money. Must be some mistake." And so forth. Out of pity or generosity, or merely to save arguments, the man is given a bob. This has been worked successfully many times.

I WONDER how many actresses in London run flower shops. Nellie Taylor's is among the oldest established, but now I

BROUGHT TO BOOK

(With apologies to the Lord Chancellor's song in Iolanthe)

"Fascinating Womanhood," an eight volume work which claims to tell "how the neglected girl may compel the attention, admiration and love of those about her," has just been published.

WHEN I made up my mind I would capture a man
(Said I to myself—said I)
I'll work on a new and original plan
(Said I to myself—said I)
I'll never despair though I know to my grief
That my mouth is too large and my nose is too brief,
For the Blue Stocking girl scores beyond all belief
(Said I to myself—said I).
When I meet with a man who is handsome and smart
(Said I to myself—said I)
With these eight helpful books I shall capture his heart
(Said I to myself—said I)
They'll give me such delicate charm and allure
That he'll fall for a maiden who's clinging but pure
And his heart he will lay at my feet I am sure
(Said I to myself—said I)
The man that I did meet was handsome and straight
(Said I to myself—said I)
And I'm sure that my eyes uttered volumes—just eight
(Said I to myself—said I)
But, alas, I forgot all the things I had read
For I soon lost my heart—and what's far worse, my head
So I'll keep to myself all I did and I said
(Said I to myself—said I). *B. W.*

Janet Jevons

LOUISE BROWN

The celebrated American star, who is to play the leading part in the new musical show, "Heads Up," to be produced on May 1 at the Palace Theatre. She scored a great success a few years ago in the "Girl Friend," the popular musical comedy that enjoyed a long successful run

TO HELP THE BRITISH LEGION

MIJINSKA Raphael

The well-known Czecho-Slovakian mannequin and artist's model, said to possess one of the most perfect figures in the world, is playing the part of an Arab dancer in "Song of Soho," a British International film that was recently trade shown at the Piccadilly Theatre

fear of a rival shop about to be launched by—well, by a rival. What an actress with brains and originality who wishes to go in for trade should do is to start a fish shop. A sole filleted on the premises by the dainty fingers of a revue star would "taste the sweeter from so fair a hand," as Alf. Tennyson wrote. Surplus stock could be distributed among the chorus, who could be relied upon to know their plaice.

THE PRINCE OF WALES will soon be home, and a great effort is being made to announce to His Royal Highness (with truth, of course) when he arrives that 100,000 copies of his "Legion Book" have been sold. This was published in aid of the British Legion, and the King expressly desired that the money resulting from its sale should be regarded as a thankoffering for his recovery. The book is, I can personally vouch, well worth reading, and an infinitely more valuable recommendation came from the Prince himself, who declared, in homely but expressive language, "the thing is not a dud." The "Legion Book" can now be obtained from Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey at St. James's Palace. And I dare say some people will consider that to be able to treat a real admiral as a bookseller, and St. James's Palace as a bookshop, is well worth the guinea. Dr. Bridges, the late Poet Laureate, John Galsworthy, Rudyard Kipling, Arnold Bennett, and, of course, Edgar Wallace, are prominent authors among the contributors.

BY DONOVAN HEBDEN

MISTAKEN IDENTITY!

THE British Legion is still very busy helping the far too large a number of ex-Servicemen who are in need, and their efforts in this respect naturally tax its funds to the utmost. The "Legion Book" serves not only as a reminder that, although wars may end, the suffering and want they occasion last for many years, but it also provides a very pleasant means whereby a little practical sympathy and assistance may be shown.

YOU CAN WIN THIS CAR

Lady du Maurier seen at the door of the 15·7 h.p. six-cylinder four-door Saloon Rover car, which is the first prize for THE BYSTANDER *"Celebrities Disguised" Competition. On page 227 will be found a further selection of "Celebrities Disguised," together with a list of the rules of this competition*

FILM NOTES

BRITISH TALENT TRIUMPHANT

By Lionel Collier

Lupe Velez looks a little apprehensive in "Hell Harbour," United Artists' latest picture now showing at the Regal. During the making of this film cables were run from a boat 1,000 feet from the shore to the village of Tampa, Florida, and the voices of Lupe Velez and John Holland travelled along to the recording wagon on the sands. This was the first time that voices had been carried through the ocean

Lupe Velez, the beautiful Mexican star, and John Holland are the stars of "Hell Harbour," a romance of the Caribbean pearl traders. The settings of this film, now at the Regal, are most picturesque

I HAD the privilege of seeing a good deal of the War, but I had not the equal privilege of seeing "Journey's End" as a play. This has been rectified now that I have seen it as a film. It is, without reservation, a great film, probably one of the most notable talking pictures that have yet appeared on the screen. And we can thus congratulate ourselves that although it was made entirely in America there is nothing else American about it.

In fact, it is a marvel to me that Americans can appreciate it in the way the reports have given us reason to believe it has been appreciated. It is so utterly and entirely English; I say English advisedly

It is no use to my readers to go into details of this realistic War canvas painted with a hand that obviously knew its subject from the inside. It has not only been a play, it has appeared as a book and serial, and has also been broadcast.

To my mind, the broadcast of the characterisation of Stanhope, Raleigh, Hibbert and the rest was even more vivid than the film. But then not all of us can imagine the conditions or atmosphere against which these characterisations stand out in such clearly etched relief. After all, the War has now been over for twelve years. And much may happen in that time.

S

THE supervising producer of the picture is George Pearson, one of our English directors who has seen in the medium of pictorial development not only a business but an art. He has applied this vision in adapting "Journey's End." Actually, we get more emotion and dramatic effect in the characterisation of Stanhope, the company commander who has been "out there" for three years, than could be possible on the stage. We have half shots of him which give effect to his expression lost in the dimly lighted stage sets.

The whole feeling that Colin Clive puts into this part of a man who feels that the youngster who worships him may discredit him in the eyes of the woman he loves is more vibrant, more intimate. We are allowed to see, in fact, more pictorial effect, more facial expression, than we could hope to see on the stage.

Colin Clive's performance dominates the picture. It is to him one looks all the time as the focal point, and the rest "feed him" and help to concentrate the nobility and the horror of war in one unforgettable whole.

S

THE screen has dealt with R. C. Sherriff's conception most faithfully. The additional scope of change of location has not been abused. Certainly we are given a few trench scenes, and certain dialogue which formerly took place in the dug-out has been transferred to the trenches, with, to my mind, additional atmosphere and realism.

Osborne, the ex-schoolmaster, second in command of the company, is admirably played by Ian MacLaren. He provides the foil of dramatic calm to Stanhope's feverish, nervous activity and sense of duty which three years of trench warfare has made an obsession.

David Manners is good, too, as Raleigh, the boy in search of adventure, who still holds his schoolboy worship and who, in spite of disillusionment, is loyal. In like manner I found Charles Gerrard, as Mason the batman, completely in character.

Billy Bevan, while giving a very good performance as the ranker officer Trotter, has been allowed to bring it rather too near buffoonery; while Antony Bushell as Hibbert, the man who shows cowardice, is apt to prove at times rather artificial. He has, however, a great moment when he breaks down and is forced out at the point of Stanhope's revolver.

I have not attempted to enter into the finer points of psychology of the plot as suggested by R. C. Sherriff's play. It is all too well known to do that, but I

(Continued on page 228)

CELEBRITIES DISGUISED
No. 5

The 15·7 h.p. Six-cylinder Four-door Saloon Rover Car which is the First Prize

"THE BYSTANDER" SIMPLE COMPETITION FOR BIG PRIZES.

Can You Identify these Famous People?

FIRST PRIZE: A ROVER 6-cyl. Saloon Car, Value £335
(Pictured Above)

SECOND PRIZE: A Cheque for £50
THIRD PRIZE: A Cheque for £25

25 Free Subscriptions for One Year to "The Bystander," Value £3.3.0 each.

FOR YOUR GUIDANCE

All you need to do is to use your knowledge of the celebrities depicted on this page and then write down their names, as you believe them to be, on the coupon which, together with the rules, will be found on cover ii.

There is no entrance fee, and the simplest of rules.

Another List of "Celebrities Disguised" Next Week.

No. 29. A PROMINENT LAWN TENNIS PLAYER

No. 31. A DISTINGUISHED ACTOR

No. 27. A WELL-KNOWN CRICKETER

No. 30. A POLITICIAN WITH A NICKNAME

No. 28. AN ARTIST OF RENOWN

No. 32. A STAGE FAVOURITE

YOU CAN ENTER NOW!

The First THREE LISTS of
"CELEBRITIES DISGUISED"
can be had on application to
The Publisher, Inveresk House, W.C.2
on receipt of 9d. in stamps or a Postal Order.

THIS IS OUR FIFTH LIST — KEEP IT UNTIL THE CLOSING DATE IS ANNOUNCED.

FILM NOTES (continued from page 226)

Lydia Lopokova, Anton Dolin and Georges Balanchine in the ballet scene in "Dark Red Roses," a British Sound Film Production picture directed by Sinclair Hill and recorded on the British Talking Picture. This film will be shown at the Marble Arch Pavilion

feel that even if you have seen the stage play a visit to the Tivoli to see the screen version will satisfy the most captious that this new medium is a form of dramatic interpretation worthy of the utmost consideration.

Greta Talks

ONE of the most potent factors of the artistic development of the screen was indubitably Swedish production. This was before Germany began to play such a large part in the intellectual and pictorial advancement, which the advent of the talkies has slowed up.

These Scandinavian pictures were not made for the intelligentsia, nor did they pretend to be highbrow ditherings; they were, in fact, true drama, finely characterised, brilliantly acted, and imaginatively directed.

S

SO, while their pictures may be said to have failed from the box-office point of view, the Swedes have left a very definite mark on film progress. Some of these new recruits America ruined by imposing its own limitations on them, but at least one has risen superior to environment.

Greta Garbo is not a type. She, like the majority of the German stars, is definitely individualistic and interesting. Her first talkie, "Anna Christie," proves that she is going to be as great an artist in the new medium as she was in the old.

Eugene O'Neill's play provides her with excellent material, but, apart from her interpretation of the rôle of the young girl who goes wrong because of her environment and treatment, it is her voice that enthralls more particularly.

The quality of it is low-pitched and vibrant, and its inflections are wonderfully varied and musical. Superadded is a trace of Swedish accent which is wholly attractive.

She suggests with an intense dramatic force the unfortunate girl who looks the wanton, but who regains her youth when her father takes her with him on cruises in his barge.

He believes in her purity, so does the sailor who is rescued by him in a fog, and with whom Anna, for the first time in her life, genuinely falls in love.

S

THE dramatic crisis comes, and it is here that the Garbo—she deserves such a title—rises to her opportunities. She is forced by the two men's adoration to confess, and she proceeds to upbraid them for her own downfall; them and all men. It is as fine a piece of invective as I have seen on the screen, magnificently controlled and vibrant with feeling.

Greta Garbo is so fine that one is apt to overlook the fact that she could not have proved so effective without the excellent support she gets. For instance, Marie Dressler is magnificent as the riverside troll, drunken, but great-hearted. Charles Bickford is delightful in his youthful conceit, Irish brogue and implicit trust; while George F. Marion as the father who neglected her and then dreads her leaving him gives an outstanding character study.

The whole play is admirably directed by Clarence Brown, and is without doubt one of the few talking pictures that stand out of the continual rut into which they seem to have fallen.

L. C.

This gipsy charmer is Loretta Young, the youngest First National Star. She is only seventeen years old and when she married recently her mother tried to get her marriage annulled on the grounds of her extreme youth

The Colonel (Jack Pitcairn) gives Capt. Stanhope (Colin Clive) instructions regarding the proposed raid on the enemy lines. An incident from "Journey's End," now at the Tivoli, the all-talking film version of the world-famous play by R. C. Sherriff

BY GILBERT S. WRIGHT

HAPPY DREAMS

THE FILM ST

BY E. LE SERVE

'AR'S RETURN

Player's Please
PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT.
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

WE ALL HAVE OUR PRIVATE DOPE

Lying, as it were, in state in her bedroom, old Penelope Peplow was regarded by the village as a kind of social and domestic judge. For many years she held and secreted the confidences of all who came to her for advice, but one day something came into her life that altered her whole disposition. What it was and how it affected certain parties are aptly described in this charming story by Christine Jope-Slade

By CHRISTINE JOPE-SLADE

Illustrated by Frank Oldham

PENELOPE PEPLOW was supposed to be half-way to heaven or a niche above this world. The village said of Penelope Peplow:

"What axe can *she* have to grind, what card can *she* have to play, lying there year after year? If anyone *is* fair-minded it's Penelope. Sometimes I think that she is a saint."

The power she wielded in the village was terrific; bedridden, a confirmed invalid, shut off from the world, with a maid and a nurse-companion and a steady income of a thousand a year, Penelope stood for integrity, for fair-mindedness; her bedroom was local society's court of appeal.

She was the incorruptible "head man" of the village.

Simple, gentle folk said she was "near to God" lying there patiently, uncomplainingly, year after year.

They said, as they came away from dainty tea with Penelope Peplow, they felt better spiritually.

Her hair was shingled, curly. Her eyes were a deep, hard, beautiful blue, her face was frail ivory porcelain.

Her power was incalculable.

Deputations called on her to settle social and domestic problems and difficulties, to obtain disinterested advice on local ethics.

WHAT axe could Penelope Peplow have to grind? The most utterly disinterested court in the world sat in her bedroom.

What no one ever guessed was that Penelope adored her life, revelled in her power, thrilled to her elected position, adored to exercise it.

She would not have exchanged her life for any other life in the whole world.

She said so often in her beautifully modulated voice:

"I cannot understand how people can make themselves slaves to things and persons. Nothing is necessary to my life. There is nothing I cannot do without. *That* is freedom."

When she said that she heard her heart beating quickly, beating like a little rolling drum of adulation.

A saint, a proud, powerful saint in a niche above the world inviolate.

Penelope Peplow had known Greta Britling since she was five, a casual, clear-voiced blonde.

Greta Britling was twenty-three when they brought her case to Penelope's austere court.

"That girl is seeing too much of the man who took Silve Manor. One knows his wife is impossible, but . . . Penelope."

Penelope brooded. These domestic courts of appeal intrigued her most of all.

"Send me Greta," she said.

Greta came, a new mobile Greta.

"I think we can get a divorce, Aunt Penelope. His wife is always tight."

"Tight?"

"She drinks too much," said Greta, with a new grave gentleness. 'You can't think the life he has had or how he has tried everything, just everything. He's nearly at the end of his tether."

"Send him to me," said Penelope Peplow.

The new owner of Silve Manor came, a big, quiet, self-made man, stocky, bull-necked, handsome—a man a girl would love to own.

"I've been through Hell with Elsie," he told Penelope Peplow, "and I'm going to have Greta. I love her. She loves me. We suit each other. I could be very, very happy with Greta, and I know I could make her happy. I know you can break us in the village, Miss Peplow. I don't underestimate your power . . . but there's the world. I want Greta."

"Ah . . . want."

"Can't do without her."

"That is rubbish!"

"We all have our private dope, Miss Peplow, the thing without which life would become intolerable. Mine is your god-daughter . . . Greta Britling."

"There is *nothing* I can't live without."

He put his face close to hers, unwisely hating her for the arrogance, the spiritual pride he sensed.

"You're a liar!" he said. "All men have their private dope . . sometimes they don't even know what it is till it's threatened . . . *then* they know right enough. You've something . . ."

"I've *nothing*."

"Then you *will* have, or you're not human, that's all!"

The day after his visit Penelope began her campaign against him. Greta's foolish, charming, adored mother was in Egypt with her only son in the Consular Service. Penelope's clever letter instantly recalled her. She arrived in a twitter of nervous apprehension and tremor. Penelope gave her audience.

The two women were closeted together for three hours.

THE presentation of a wireless set to Penelope was actually the Vicar's idea. It was perfectly amazing that she had never had one. Delicately sounded, Penelope Peplow said:

"D'you know, I've honestly never thought about. It's very odd. Perhaps I shouldn't like it. I understand you can have one on trial. Perhaps I'll get Miss Fold to write to a firm one day."

The Vicar came to the new owner of Silve Manor.

"A mark of esteem and affection, some concrete appreciation of what she represents and stands for to us as a community."

"She's never owned a wireless set?"

"Never. I think she's heard one—borrowed."

The man saw his tortured darling, flogged daily by maternal reproaches, pleas, tears. He knew the emotional turmoil to which she was subjected. They met by stealth, a grave, troubled, thin, and anguished little love where once there had been acceptance, a divine simplicity of loving.

"I'd like to contribute," he said slowly. "I think she should have the best portable that money can purchase."

His lids hooded his intelligent eyes, brooding, secretive.

While the Vicar was actually making the purchase in London a worried deputation of village ladies attended Penelope Peplow on the subject of the eviction of the village drunkard, Ted Barham.

(All rights strictly reserved)

"He hasn't paid his rent for three years," said his landlady. "But I don't like to turn him out of the cottage. He was born there in my mother's time, fifty-nine years ago."

"He's such a ghastly example for the younger men . . . and we encourage it; at least we condone it by taking no action," said another.

"Perhaps he can't help it, poor old thing," said a third.

Penelope Peplow pounced.

"*Help* it!" she said. "Of course, he can help it! He's a slave, that's what Ted Barham is."

"He's getting much, much worse. Three times this week he's been positively picked up and taken home. The school children scream with laughter at him."

"Yet he's quite a harmless old fool."

"*Not* harmless," said Penelope quickly. "That's where you are wrong."

Before they left Penelope they had agreed that Ted Barham was to be turned out of the cottage he had lived in for fifty-nine years. If that didn't bring him to his senses nothing would; and it would show people that the village set its face against excess.

Penelope made them feel somehow so spiritually fine that they could almost have gone straight from Penelope's presence, and evicted Ted Barham personally.

In a wood, as they scattered in the dark, the new owner of Silve Manor and Penelope Peplow's god-daughter Greta clung together.

"SOMEONE's been getting at Elsie, Greta. She was willing enough to give me a divorce a month ago."

"Godmother!"

"Yes. I wasn't going to tell you. That Peplow woman sent for Elsie a week ago. Elsie went.

"But for her I would never have had this terrible —this *terrible* time with Mummie. Mummie would have been reasonable, fair, if I could have got at her first. She's modern enough! Oh, Steve, Steve! I do adore you so . . . I do worship you so . . . and I tell you I'm nearly broken . . . nearly broken."

"My darling, I know. Look, we'll cut it out! I've the works in New Zealand. This end of the business would look after itself with a good man. We'll settle over there and concentrate on that end. Every minute I spend with you is happy. I love and worship every dear hair of your head. I'll be faithful, loving, true. I promise there shall be no children, no complications, till Elsie has divorced me. I'm very rich, my dearest. I can look after you in all the ways a husband should look after his wife. I will serve you gratefully, my dearest girl, all the days of my life."

Her lips clung to his like wet petals, so frail, so passionless.

"I'm worn out."

"I know! My dear, I know."

PENELOPE PEPLOW, the bedridden empress, *adored* her wireless.

She was madly, crazily obsessed with it. It opened new worlds. Glorious worlds!

She had always loved music. Now she got drunk on it in secret.

It gave a sense of ringing, winged power such as she had never, never known to roam the ether, to pick up continents and capitals with a twist of a knob.

The outside world seemed to withdraw, to film over, to become blenched of colour.

The people who came out of it to her quiet, lovely room seemed no longer real or very significant.

She was impatient for them to be gone that she might be alone with the lovely, unplumbed possibilities of her magic, secret world in a polished rosewood case, her hundred-guinea wireless set.

There her dreams unfolded, there her youth lay delicately awaiting instant renewal, there lay the deep, lovely, satisfying waters of self-forgetfulness.

Sometimes it seemed to Penelope Peplow, lying alone in her quiet room with the music unfurling for her, as if she had never really lived before the possession of the wireless.

Never had her nurse-companion had such consideration. Week-end after week-end that summer Penelope Peplow sent her away to friends and relations she had not seen for years, paying her fare to Paignton and Wigan and Princes Risborough and Brighton that she might be left alone with the secret delights of her new toy.

"It has made her very happy," the Vicar told the owner of Silve Manor. "What beats me is that no one thought of it before. She could have afforded it."

"Queer indeed!" said the owner of Silve Manor, and he smiled the oddest smile.

HER nurse-companion was away for the week-end.

A summer fire, for geniality and pleasant appearance, smouldered comfortingly and silently in the tiled grate. The

"We all have our private dope, Miss Peplow, the thing without which life would become intolerable'"

bedroom windows were open. Trees stretched like lace across the pale, golden, brooding face of a full moon. It was somehow so dearly *personal*—the whole world, the village, the clear, silent, star-strewn evening.

It was like a room made ready for a great concert given for one person.

Penelope Peplow tortured and tickled herself by the face of the clock.

At 9.30 precisely the Radio programme laid on her bed promised the broadcasting of the second part of a new opera begun last night.

It was *marvellous*.

Shining eyes, quivering hands, an expectant lover's face, that was Penelope Peplow.

The door of her bedroom burst open and Greta Britling's incoherent mother dashed in, Penelope's gesticulating helplessly, apologetic maid dumb-crambo-ing behind her.

"Really, May!"

"Penelope, they've GONE!"

"Whose gone where?"

"Greta and that man! They've gone to London on the 6.30. They've run away together. New Zealand. Here's her letter . . . and his. He says he's glad you like your private dope. He's mad! Oh! Penelope! I'm mad, too! I'm mad, too! What shall I do! Tell me what to do! Oh! my Greta! My Greta! And he's so nice, too, you can't help liking him—such a man! Oh! Aren't they wicked! Whatever will people say, Penelope? Tell me what to do!" she continued almost hysterically.

Penelope wanted to shriek, "Get out of my room, and just let me listen. It's *started*, you fool! I'm missing it!"

"They've taken a room at the Savoy for the few hours before the Liverpool train starts. I wormed that out of Greta's personal maid. She saw a label. They start at 11.30. Oh! what on earth's that?"

"Ted Barham drunk again and going to the village to get more drink," Penelope said tersely.

The raucous singing passed and decreased in volume as the two women stared at each other.

"Oh! Penelope! What can I do?"

"Try and catch them by car. I'll telephone them, ask for Greta, get them to connect me with her room."

"I couldn't do it in the time. Look at it!"

They both looked at the clock. To Penelope's eyes it was so much opera lost, so much time from happiness filched.

"I'll try and persuade her to wait till you come, May. It's all I can do."

"Oh! Penelope, thank you, darling! Thank you, darling! You're always so wonderful! I don't know what on earth we'd ever do without you. You won't forget! Oh! you won't forget!"

"No, I won't forget!"

GLORIOUS!

Penelope Peplow lay very still and let the music flow over her, laving her. All her mind was hollowed into a soft, golden bowl into which the music splashed and was held preciously.

Marvellous!

Every now and then the sleepy cat slits of her blue eyes appeared, taking in, for the furtherance of her own satisfaction, the utter peace of the room with its crouched, slumbering, red fire.

She was hypnotised.

The opera finished.

Applause broke the spell.

Penelope Peplow sat up with a terrific start and reached for the telephone beside her bed.

"Give me Extension, please."

OH! What use! What a farce! Already they would have taken their seats in the train, Greta, her god-daughter, and the man she had chosen to link her young life with.

The reception clerk was very polite. The lady and gentleman were not in their room. They had caught the boat train some twenty minutes earlier.

Penelope Peplow put down the receiver and stared, almost unbelievingly, at the rosewood case of her wireless set.

Her jaw dropped, a look of terror crept into her blue eyes.

Private dope! We all have our private dope!

The telephone rang.

She picked up the receiver.

"Penelope! This is May! I've got as far as Brentford! Any luck? Did you get them?"

"No. They've gone."

She heard the whimper.

Then she heard another sound, this time raucous singing, Ted Barham reeling through the quiet lanes on his way home.

The sound deepened, died away.

Penelope shivered—then, with a little sigh, she reached out, twisted the handle.

She had forgotten her god-daughter. She had forgotten Ted Barham.

She had got Vienna.

C. J.-S.

AMONG the things that seem to grow by leaps and bounds are the children in the flat overhead.

* * *

IT was a motorist who looked at a street in Venice and asked, "How many gallons to the mile?"

* * *

JUST when you take your seat on the water wagon some friend you haven't seen for years comes up to town.

Models of Perfection

By Blanche B. Elliott

Clearly a welcome to Summer is this charming frock of printed mousseline de soie with godets of fullness on the upper and under-skirts. Model Marthe and René

Now the Season is really beginning, and the tentative "tryings-out" are over, it is possible to see what is the line the smart woman has chosen. Which, out of the thousands of models shown, have been the most successful? This is regarded as doubly important, because it is these indications that the new trends follow so that novelties may be created for the *next* season; for fashion never really *is*—it is always in the process of being established—one of its chief fascinations.

Thus out of some two to four hundred dresses which go to make up a big couturier's collection, there are some fifty that are pronounced successes which the smart dressers from each country buy. In divining correctly *which* particular models are to be among these successes lies the entire art of the buyer, while the couturier who can produce the largest number of these universally acceptable models is he who has made the Season's greatest hit. What exactly constitutes the perfect model it is hard to describe, but it is just that quality that sends thousands of women searching through millions of models to find it. Invariably it is quite without exaggeration, and possesses a good line which is likely to be becoming to most figures, and embodies all that is new in the most subtle and least aggressive manner—in short, the *wearable* frock. It is curious, with all the effort of thought and creation expended on each model, that just those everyone wants are a so relatively small percentage!

Even the most practised creator or saleswoman will be sometimes at a loss to account for the reason why such-and-such a model has sold so well—though they have a pretty shrewd idea. At the same time it is necessary for each couturier to launch something new each Season, when with a daring gesture he may evolve some extravagance, often with his tongue in his cheek, just to see what the world will say about it. After the inevitable clamour dies down he produces a modified version of it which the well-dressed woman can accept and wear—and so a new mode is born.

Those who are studying dress the whole time can follow the process of such evolutions fairly accurately and know when so-and-so produced such-and-such a model, and date it accordingly. That models are repeated is inevitable when several people fall for the same one. This is understood and even

Molyneux has created a very successful model in brown lace with characteristic shoulder frills and a matching lace cape with a cascade of frills Model Molyneux

Specially sketched for The Bystander *in Paris*

sought after by some women when they know anyone well known for her chic has chosen it. But the Englishwoman, less in touch with what may be called the mechanical side of fashion, is generally horrified when she sees a duplicate of what she may be wearing and paid a high price for. She cannot apparently realise that a few hundred models have to serve several millions of women all over the world, and are based upon what Paris has originally created.

THE short and threequarter sleeve is a mode that is being more and more accepted for daytime wear, while it is de rigueur that the little tennis frock should be sleeveless or very short-sleeved. It is made in washing silk, shantung especially being a very favoured medium, while a soft weave of ribbed jersey is also shown. In pale shades of blue, pink or green, it generally has a long matching coat with scarf and hat worked into the colour scheme. Immaculate white, of course, is the classic favourite, with splashes of colour in the blazer coat, knitted jacket, or, this year, the swagger little cape fitted close on to the shoulders. Royal scarlet, which has a touch of yellow in it, is excellent with white, while all shades of blue, too, are good.

IT is amusing to see how certain famous tennis stars have influenced clothes for that form of sport. We were content for years with the ever-bulging blouse and skirt, always so loth to keep it company, and which some misguided soul has recently endeavoured to reintroduce, while later it was the sweater and skirt. Suzanne Lenglen introduced the very short, one-piece tennis frock and swathed turban, and Helen Wills the eye-shade. From America, too, comes the fashion of the short, turn-over sock which protects the foot in much playing on hard courts. Now frock and knickers are made to match, and newer and smarter still is the blouse made in one with the culotte, while the skirt buttons on to it somewhere at or below the waist.

THE way of the shoulder frill is interesting to observe, as it is indicative of a new feature in the formal frock for evening wear. It first appeared a trifle timidly as the tiniest appendage to the shoulder-strap, and fluttered from it as though to hide the naked arm. It is used to outline the low, pointed décolletage, sometimes lengthening to the dignity of a cape, and sometimes it just wanders all round the arm-hole itself. It is charmingly illustrated in the Molyneux model shown.

IT was a clever young French coiffeur who pointed out to me some time ago that there should be evolved separate perfumes for the day and evening, and gave some very excellent reasons in support of his theory. Now this is being done, and most French couturiers are bringing out a dual scent "pour le jour" and "pour la nuit." One requires an undeniably different kind for day wear with a tailor suit or tweeds—something fresh, breezy and flower-like—from the exotic, subtle exhalation we would wear at night. So even this little attribute to the charming needs of woman is now catered for.

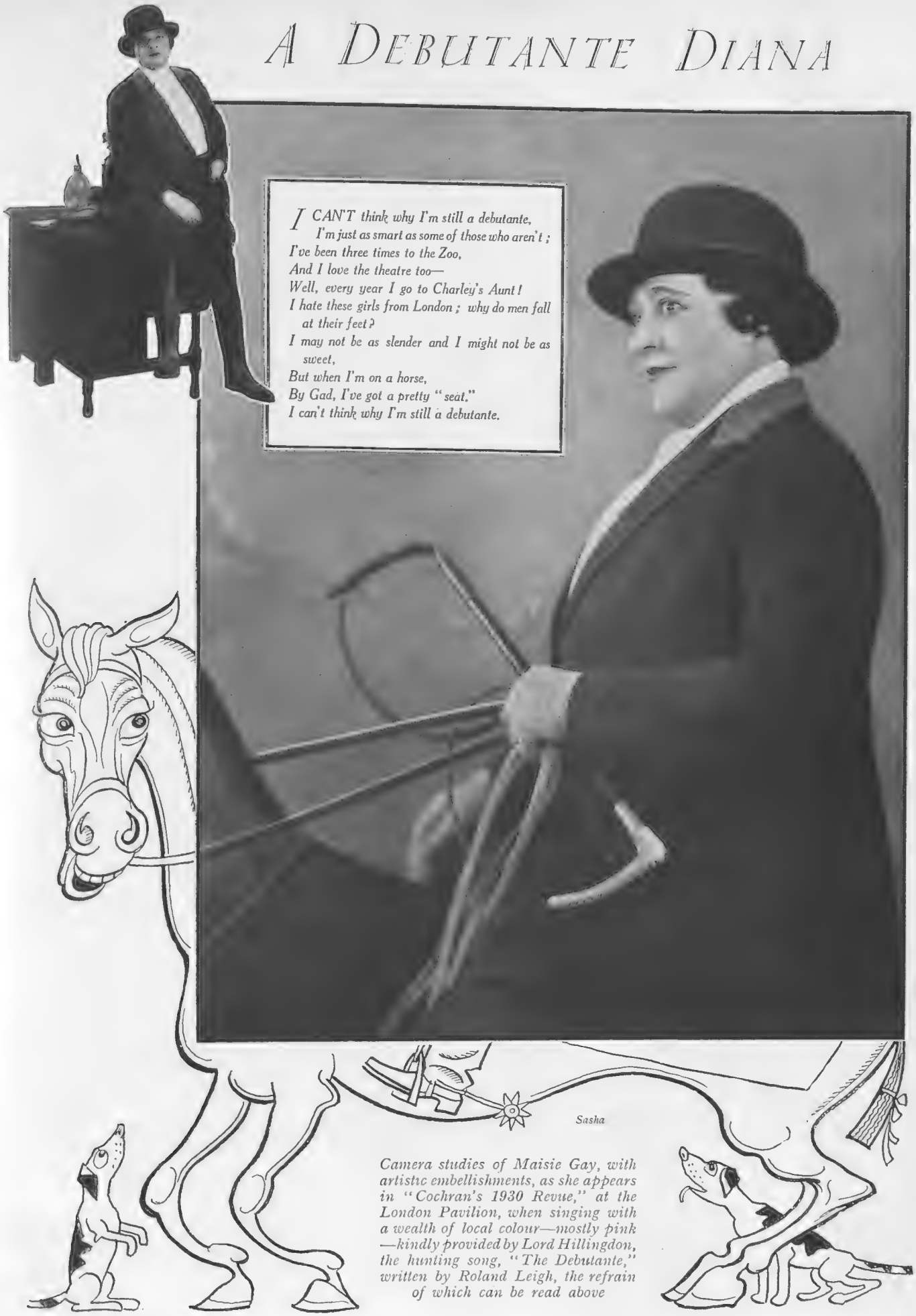
ONE often encounters, by the way, a prejudice against the use of perfumes in England. It is often included by many good and worthy souls in the category of things that are not "quite nice." Like anything else when done to excess it can, of course, be most objectionable; but when Nature herself is such an arch parfumeur and has a range of exquisite scents, from the delicate violet to the heavy perfume of an Eastern flower, it seems not too unnatural to follow her example, which the modern scent creators do most closely. With the fœtid and odious atmosphere of towns, their gases, smoke, and a too closely pressing humanity, the use of a faint and refreshing perfume should surely not be denied us. It helps one of our most sensitive senses to retain at least some of the glamour and illusion Nature clearly intended us to enjoy. B. B. E.

A black and white satin model by Schiaparelli. The skirt shows very original treatment, being made of widths of black satin to stand out each side. The cravat is of black and white satin and the cuff of prystal simulating a lace cuff is a striking novelty. Model Schiaparelli

A CAMERA DOUBLE FROM THE CO-OPS

Above are seen Stanley Holloway (left), Eric Le Fre, Herbert Mundin and Davy Burnaby, four leading lights in the Co-Optimists of 1930, at the Hippodrome, in that most moving number, "Love Lies Bleeding," which cannot fail to draw a tear from even the manliest eye. Below, Davy Burnaby, as a somewhat massive St. Anthony, is busy resisting the feminine wiles of Phyllis Monkman and Elsie Randolph

A Debutante Diana

I CAN'T think why I'm still a debutante,
I'm just as smart as some of those who aren't;
I've been three times to the Zoo,
And I love the theatre too—
Well, every year I go to Charley's Aunt!
I hate these girls from London; why do men fall
at their feet?
I may not be as slender and I might not be as
sweet,
But when I'm on a horse,
By Gad, I've got a pretty "seat."
I can't think why I'm still a debutante.

Sasha

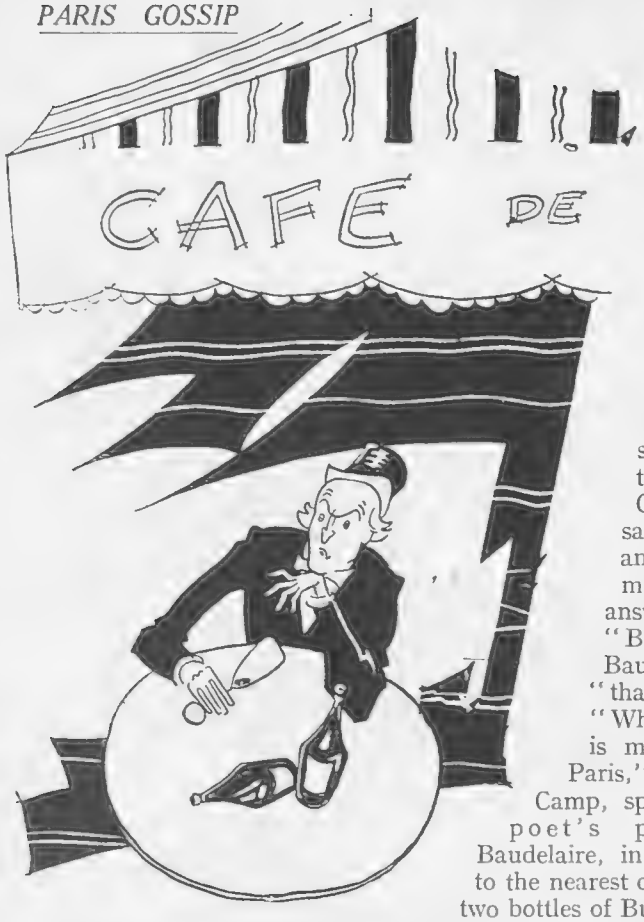
Camera studies of Maisie Gay, with artistic embellishments, as she appears in "Cochran's 1930 Revue," at the London Pavilion, when singing with a wealth of local colour—mostly pink—kindly provided by Lord Hillingdon, the hunting song, "The Debutante," written by Roland Leigh, the refrain of which can be read above

PARIS GOSSIP

Spring, Law Suits, and Societies

By Sylvia Lyon

Illustrated by NORMAN KAY



"Drank two bottles of Burgundy in one short sitting"

Oh, green is the Spring in Paris, and there is an emerald skeleton of leaves budding overhead in the Avenue Henri Martin that will in a few days be an almost opaque and verdant and heavenly archway. And if the green Spring is the best time for poets, it was perhaps in April that Baudelaire, as the legend goes, dyed his hair green. The story is that he went to see Maxime Du Camp, the critic, and said, "Don't you see anything unusual about me?" "Why, no," answered Du Camp. "But, don't you see," Baudelaire protested, "that my hair is green?" "Why, everybody's hair is more or less green in Paris," said Du Camp, spoiling all the poet's pleasure. So Baudelaire, in a rage, went to the nearest café and drank two bottles of Burgundy in one short sitting, and afterwards wrote I do not know what, unless it was "Spleen."

All in all, there is something necessarily poetic about Paris on these mornings of sudden soft sunshine when I think of clothes, forgetting that sooner or later they rhyme with "owes."

Speaking of clothes, the only things that seemed to impress the most erudite of Parisian dramatic critics about the performances of *Fledermaus* and *Au Temps des Valses* (French for *Bitter Sweet*) were the quaintness and beauty of the costumes.

"Should be required to have three chins like the son"

The new Minister of Posts, Telegraphs and Telephones has the poetic name of Mallarmé. I do not know if he is a relative of the Symbolist, but the telephone régime takes enough license to be poetic. The latest thing that I heard over the scramble of wires was Madame André Citroën asking a friend of the family to take her to a party as her husband had gone out, the chauffeur had the evening off, and that she had no car! A sorry plight for her.

Whole quarters of old buildings have been condemned and are being torn down, and there is an enormous amount of building going on, all because, one of my politically minded friends tells me, some architect's wife has made eyes at some susceptible Deputy, who passes such and such a law, and, voilà! Pretty thought.

Another adorable idea is that the cost of living is going to be double this year (Editor of The Bystander, kindly note) because of the Assurances Sociales, which means that people will have to pay a ten per cent. tax on their servants' salaries. This will affect me terribly, as I will have to pay salary taxes on my date-maker, date-breaker, alibi-secretary, private liar (my memory is so bad), and the footman who is trained to scent accents over the telephone so that he can tell Argentines that I am taking a siesta (which they will, naturally, believe), Russians that I am depressed and cannot come to the telephone, and arriving Americans that I have gone to Biarritz (which I hope they will believe).

"Made eyes at some susceptible Deputy"

There is one American family in Paris that must have gone insane, because they employ eight footmen, all of whom must be six-feet-two and

(Continued on page 243)

BY STARR WOOD

CHATTY DENTIST: "*Have you heard the cuckoo this year yet?*"

"STARS" OF THE WEEK

In spite of the many climbing accidents that occurred over Easter this energetic party seem to have no qualms in negotiating the rocky face of Lliwdd, the steepest climb in the Snowdonia range

Topical

The field taking a jump during the Berks and Bucks Farmers' Staghounds Point-to-Point meeting held at Sonning

L.N.A.

L.N.A.

A POPULAR EVENT

A party taking full advantage of an interval at Brooklands, where the Automobile Racing Club held its Annual Meeting on Easter Monday. This meeting, regarded as the real starting point of the motor racing season, attracted a large number of spectators

I.B.

ON THE ROCKS!

Some of Southport's mermaids photographed at the new bathing pool recently opened by the Mayor, Alderman T. Tomlinson. Included in the programme were mannequin parades and special swimming displays, all of which were greatly appreciated

In these four photographs of sporting events reproduced on this page are five persons selected haphazard round whose head a star has been placed. The Editor will have great pleasure in sending to each of these a guinea as the penalty of being "starred" if they will kindly send him their names and addresses. Their identity should be verified by two friends, who need only sign the application and give their addresses. Applications should be made within a week of publication except in the case of photographs taken abroad

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 240)

wear powder-blue liveries. The only thing they have forgotten is to have their noses broken like the members of the Tsar Paul the Somethingth's regiment, just because he had a broken nose, the egoist. But no, in this case the footmen should all be required to have three chins, like the son of this American family.

"In Paris there are amicable groups"

Now that I am in one of my most morbid moods, after having read that Frenchwomen will never be allowed to occupy places on the bench, I recall that it was Edmond de Goncourt who said that Charenton (one of the most important insane asylums) is the place where women who are a little crazier than others are sent!

And I suppose that Frenchmen think they have sense! Now, Henri Torrès, one of the greatest lawyers in Paris, and a writer besides, wants to hold an open debate on the Dreyfus case because he says it happened so long ago that most people have forgotten it, and, as for the present generation, they don't know what it was all about. He thinks that a good time to have the debate will be when the German film of the Dreyfus case is shown. In the film the character of Dreyfus does not appear, but Zola, Clemenceau and Anatole France, and Dreyfus' lawyer, Maître Laborie, do.

The latter's widow, whose first husband, by the way, was De Pachman, the pianist, is still alive, and might have things to say. And, of course, Captain Dreyfus, accused of selling military documents to Germany, was sent to Devil's Island, where, after seven years' imprisonment, he was found to be innocent, is still alive, too, but a nervous wreck, and living in the country. I once heard an otherwise sensible woman say that he should have stayed at Devil's Island, because by coming back and accepting his liberty he set France back twenty years in the estimation of the world.

JACQUES THIBAUT, the violinist, is bringing a suit for a million francs against a provincial newspaper because, when this winter Thibaut was held up in a snowstorm and could not reach Nantes, where he was to give a recital, the paper stated that he had only had too much to eat and drink, and that was why he could not appear. This has made Thibaut so angry that he is going to call both Edouard Herriot and Leon Bèrard, both of whom have been Ministers of Public Instruction and Beaux Arts, as witnesses so that they can testify as to the possible injuries to one's artistic career. But the lawsuit that is causing real rejoicing is the one whereby a pair of Parisian concierges have been fined five hundred francs for withholding letters belonging to the tenants.

AND every week I hear of new friendly societies in Paris. Of course, the Quaker sect of Friends exists in Pennsylvania, and there are Girls' Friendly Societies all over America to warn stray young things against Hollywood, etc. But in Paris there are amicable groups, Les Amis de This and Les Amis de That, which I do not think have their counterparts anywhere else in the world.

There are "Les Amis des Cathedrales," "Les Amis de Rheims," and various cliques of people who seem to be the friends of everybody from Bossuet and Rabelais down through Chateaubriand and Larmartine to Marcel Proust. I have lately discovered a society called "The Friends of Truth." It may be well to study and speak of truth in the abstract, but I wonder if, when these friends get together, they tell the truth to each other's faces?

S. L.

By Vernon L. Soper

SHOP ASSISTANT: "These are excellent stockings, Madame. I can assure you that many actresses wear nothing else"

"Tell the truth to each other's faces"

FLYING NOTES

PLANE TALES from the SKY

By "Spry"

CROYDON AERODROME, alas! is not the place it was, from the point of view of the philosophic Bystander in search of a little quiet fun. In these days of air routes organised as carefully as railway systems, of multi-engined air liners, practically proof against what we used to call forced landings, arriving and departing all day long with monotonous regularity, the place has lost much of its quaint, old-world charm.

THOSE in search of untoward but amusing incidents, such as the pioneer days of civil flying afforded, will go empty away from the London airport in these days with a heavy sigh. Air travel has become disappointingly simple and uneventful, it must be confessed. Customs and other formalities are performed swiftly and without fuss, and there is not even the chance of watching a passenger having the crown of his bowler hat searched for contraband cocaine, or his coat-tails X-rayed for concealed clocks, watches, and motor cars, all of which appear on the list of things passengers are compelled to declare.

THE dust, grime and smoke of long railway journeys are absent from aerial travel, and the passenger in search of a thrill cannot even play the well-known railway game of peering out of an open window to see if he will get a red-hot cinder into his eye. Air traffic companies look upon coal with disfavour as a fuel, and in any case nobody puts his head out of the window of an aeroplane travelling at 100 miles an hour unless he wants his hat, as well as all his hair, blown off. It is annoying, of course, that smoking is forbidden in passenger aeroplanes as a rule, and it cannot be denied that flying is still accompanied by a good deal of noise, though not more than that experienced on Continental trains.

EVERYTHING has its compensations, however, and the thoughtful air traffic companies issue free cotton-wool for the ears, and chewing-gum with which to while away the two or three hours of the flight. That air travellers as a class are not nervous is indicated by the fact that nobody has ever been known to plug the ears with gum and chew the cotton-wool.

TEN years or so ago, when civil aviation first commenced, a number of machines with open cockpits were in use for passengers. People did not provide their own flying kit, and any rush of passengers often meant shortage of the necessary coats, helmets, etc., in the company's store. On such occasions, harassed officials would forcibly insert people into leather coats several sizes too small for them, clap enormous flying helmets on to very small heads, invest people with goggles having only one glass in the eyepieces, and, handing them two left-hand gauntlet gloves, would lead them in a trussed and semi-asphyxiated condition to the waiting aeroplane. All that is changed to-day, and the passenger steps into a well-warmed, comfortable and spacious cabin, embellished very often with a miniature bar, complete with white-coated steward, who will serve drinks upon the slightest provocation. Special clothing being quite unnecessary, it is only worn by movie stars, to whom the photograph is more important than the flight, or by some hot-house weed of a gigolo, who has chosen the fur on the collar of his leather coat to match his side-whiskers.

Chas. Brown

ON THE LOOK OUT

A signalman up aloft looking out for approaching planes at the London airport

"Aeroplane"

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Holden and Mr. G. E. Horden, the pilot, with the former's amphibian, Cutty Sark

IN the old days, when aeroplanes and instruments had not reached their present perfection, and when wireless communication between pilot and ground stations was still in its experimental stages, air services were fairly frequently held up during bad weather, though this is a vary rare occurrence to-day. On one occasion an elderly lady, who had definitely made up her mind to see Paris or die, was the only passenger in a small-cabin machine outward bound from Croydon. The weather was extremely bad, and, as the flight continued, it got steadily worse. After some time the pilot decided to turn back to Croydon, and landed his passenger after about an hour's flying.

DURING the flight the old lady had lost all sense of direction, and all but the vaguest idea of time, and on landing she shook the pilot warmly by the hand, thanking that astounded individual for a safe and remarkably swift journey. She then tripped into the Customs house, over which at that time there was a large notice-board bearing the word "Douane," and with some such remark as "So this is Paris," she calmly awaited the baggage inspection. It took several officials some considerable time to convince her that she was back on British soil, and when she was at last persuaded it is said that she

(Continued on page 246)

BUCHANAN'S

BY APPOINTMENT

WORLD RENOWNED
FOR
AGE AND QUALITY

"BLACK & WHITE"

"BUCHANAN'S LIQUEUR"

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO. LTD. LONDON & GLASGOW.

FLYING NOTES (continued from page 244)

CROYDON'S COSMOPOLITANISM

Central Press

Mrs. Chambers, Mrs. Spencer Cleaver, Miss Norman, and Miss Leathart, four of the ladies who spent the Easter vacation on a 3,000 miles flying tour of Europe, discussing their route with Sir Sefton Brancker before setting out. When they landed at Berlin, the quick way in which they changed themselves from "Moths" to butterflies by removing the flying kit which concealed their charming afternoon frocks created great admiration

made a brisk assault on one of the officials with her umbrella, such was her disappointment and rage.

S

CROYDON Aerodrome is certainly one of the most cosmopolitan places in England. In the pilots' room British, Dutch, French, Belgian and German pilots are to be seen cheerfully swopping yarns in a sort of pidgin English, which is the "lingua franca" of the air port. Amongst passengers the American element predominates, especially in summer time, and it is no unusual thing to see a group of them in white plus fours and black and white piebald shoes, guffawing at the sartorial eccentricities of the British. Englishmen in "sports model" plus fours to the ankles, and jumpers which mock the rainbow, find the Americans equally amusing. Both parties will smile broadly at some ferocious Teuton in frock coat, brown boots and bowler hat several sizes too small; and he in his turn will giggle gutturally if a member of a Latin race loses his passport or ticket and spins madly upon his axis, raising wild, despairing arms to heaven.

S

A BIG three-engined aeroplane is a peaceful enough monster as a rule, but it is unwise to take up a position immediately behind its tail just before the start. When the pilot gives the gun to 1,500 horse power, the unwary onlooker who has manœuvred himself into what he considered a safe position on the rear thinks he has been attacked by the original Bull of Bashan, assisted by a young hurricane. If it is summer time, a useful dust storm of fair-sized bits of stone and grit will assail him, and so strong is this blast that it is impossible to stand against it. Young ladies have found in it a source of peril akin to that from the Underground gratings; and elderly gentlemen who have been suddenly whipped away by this means and compelled to gallop across country at phenonemal speed, enclosed in a whirling dust devil, rarely, if ever, seem to see the amusing side of an adventure which gives the onlookers the utmost delight.

S

WHAT the future of civil aviation may bring in the way of fun and frolic it is impossible to say. The big British 40-seater aircraft and the 100-passenger German flying boats are remarkably steady in the air, but there is always a certain amount of bumping in rough weather. It may be that a new indoor sport will be invented in the aerial cocktail bars of the future, to be known as pop-cherry or bob-olive according to the form of liquid nourishment used. In order to take part in the game the experienced air traveller will provide himself with an empty glass and take up his position next to a passenger who appears never to have travelled by air before, and who has ordered a cocktail.

S

AS soon as the first hearty downward bump is experienced, centrifugal force, gravity, or whatever made the apple drop on Sir Isaac Newton's brow, will cause the tyro to sink swiftly with glass in hand from under his cocktail, which will, of course, remain temporarily suspended in mid air. This will provide the experienced player with his opportunity, for, with a dexterous twist of the wrist, he can field the hovering cocktail into his own virgin glass.

The Spider, the Moth aeroplane in which the "sixty-four-year old" Duchess of Bedford—the newspapers have been so struck by Her Grace's flying activities that they can never leave her age out of their references—achieved her record flight to South Africa. Captain Barnard, the pilot, is seen in the foreground

MUCH practice, an eye like a hawk, and a steady hand may enable the expert to retrieve also the cherry or olive at its first bounce off the counter. The legal aspect of the case is admittedly difficult, and there is as yet no precedent. It seems likely, however, that the law of salvage will apply, and that the original owner of the drink will be held to have abandoned his property in mid air, and withdrawn himself from any further part, lot or participation therein. "SPRY."

ANOTHER place where almost everything goes is a slot machine.

* * *

WOMEN can do just about everything that men do now except listen.

* * *

LOT'S wife looked back and turned into a pillar of salt, and nowadays lots of wives do the same and turn into a ditch.

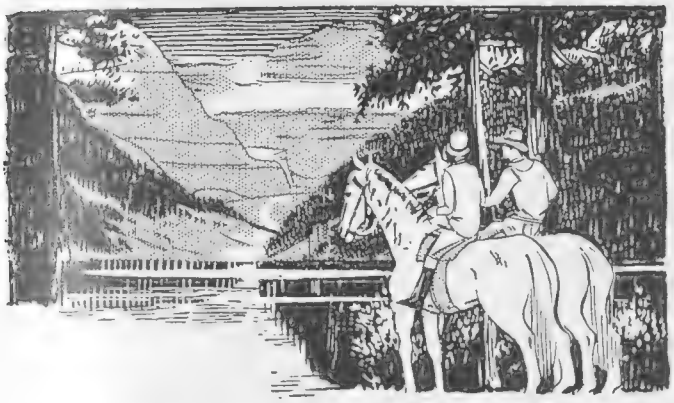
* * *

NONE of us knows where the younger generation is headed, but we must all trip.

THIS YEAR – *See*

CANADA

Easy to Reach
Easily Travelled



LAKE LOUISE

LAKE LOUISE, in the Canadian Rockies, is one of the most beautiful sights in the World!

Stupendous snow-crowned peaks enclose it, where it lies 630 feet above the railway. A glacier drops into the far end, and in its glacial-green waters are seen, changing every moment, those lovely reflections that have made it the most-photographed spot on earth.

Pony trails lead away through silent, primeval forests to Lakes in the Clouds, Paradise Valley, Moraine Lake and a score of other excursions. Swiss guides take you mountain-climbing. Smooth motor roads invite you to Banff, Yoho Valley, the Kicking Horse Trail.

And for accommodation there is the superb Chateau Lake Louise, with swimming, dancing, tennis.

TAKE A NOVEL HOLIDAY
THIS YEAR AND SEE
WONDERFUL CANADA!

Lake Louise is one of the 35 places on our "Across Canada" Tour—a seven-week trip through the Rockies to the Pacific Coast and back. Some of the other places are Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Niagara, Winnipeg, Banff, Calgary, Vancouver, Victoria, Windermere Valley and Nipigon.

The Tour starts July 25th, sailing by the DUCHESS OF YORK. Special train detailed to party, kept waiting while you are sightseeing. "All in" price includes steamship, railway and sleeping car fares, hotels, meals, drives, transfers, guide and gratuities.

And then from June 27 to August 15 we have 11 shorter tours, from 19 to 26 days, visiting some of the principal sights of Eastern Canada—some of them including New York.

Or "Go-as-you-please" holidays? We will gladly prepare itineraries, short or long.

We have just issued a beautiful little book with 32 coloured illustrations, on Holidays in Canada. Shall we send you a copy of it? Ask for Booklet about Tour 20.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
World's Greatest Travel System

62-65, Charing Cross, London, S.W.1; 103, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3; and 53 other offices in the British Isles and on the Continent.

Race-goers,

the "Tote" & the "Chit"

SPECIMEN "CHIT"

THERE are many race-goers who prefer to dispense as far as possible with the use of cash when they go racing

For their benefit the Racecourse Betting Control Board have established a system of betting by chits, obtainable from all branches of most of the leading Banks.

The chits are available in denominations of £1, £5, £10 and £100, and can be used on any racecourse where a Totalisator is in operation. This obviates the necessity of carrying cash to racecourses.

At the racecourse, the backer hands his book of chits to the clerk at the "Tote" window specially provided for chit betting, stating the amount of the stake, the number of the horse on the card, and whether for WIN or for PLACE.

The clerk stamps the counterfoil and the middle portion of the chit, and the bet is recorded on the Totalisator.

Winnings are paid direct to the credit of the successful backer's bank account. Under no circumstances can cash be paid for wins on chit betting; but the backer can purchase further chits with the proceeds, or portion of the proceeds, of his winning bet. Fraud and theft are thus obviated.

The attention of all race-goers is drawn to the fact that by using the Totalisator for their bets they will be benefiting:

**CHARITIES, HORSE-BREEDING,
AND THE
SPORT OF HORSE RACING**

as the surplus funds derived from the operation of the Totalisator will be devoted by the Board entirely to these objects

The

TOTALISATOR

**RACECOURSE BETTING CONTROL BOARD,
33, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.**

(Established under the Racecourse Betting Act, 1928.)

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

LORD BIRKENHEAD AS OLD MOORE

By Ralph Straus

WHAT fun one can have exploring the future! It is as harmless a pursuit as playing at patience, and can be infinitely more entertaining. Also there has been, and is, no lack of prophets. This is hardly surprising. You may think this or that prophet is the silliest noodle, but you are hardly in a position to prove that his statements about the world as it will be a hundred, or a thousand, or a million years hence are entirely wrong. Moreover, as Wells and Haldane, amongst others, have pointed out, there are some useful data on which to work, and of these our latest visionary, Lord Birkenhead, has fully availed himself in his new and most unexpected book, *The World in* 2030 (Hodder and Stoughton: 12*s.* 6*d.*)

AS a prophet, the ex-Lord Chancellor and present financial magnate is probably as "sound" as any of his rivals, living or dead. This is rather a pity. At least, I would have had him exercise the ex-minister's time-honoured privilege of being indiscreet. But he is, in general, more cautious than the adventurous Mr. Haldane, and he is less intimate and less picturesque than Mr. Wells. He has, in fact, nothing very startling to say, except, perhaps, on the matter of artificially produced children, and you never feel that he has hired a time-machine for your convenience—to my mind an essential part of the prophet's business; nevertheless, he has a number of most interesting and provocative things to say, and he says them in his own direct fashion.

TO what sort of world, then, are we bidden to look forward? Well, I am glad to be assured that we shall, in the first place, be rich. Every single one of us. At most we shall not be required to work more than twenty-four hours a week. I know that some people will regard this work-time as just twenty-four hours too long, but for myself I have no quarrel with the prospect. And then there will be no epidemic disease and we shall live to be a hundred and fifty, and to be able to assume a youthful appearance at any age. Nor need we be afraid of the next war: it is, contrary to expectation, to be considerably more humane than the last. Again, we are to have an artificial but most delectable beef-steak to eat which will *grow*. We shall take our fill, and turn on a tap, and what we have left on the plate will conveniently build itself up into to-morrow's meal.

UNFORTUNATELY, there is another and gloomier side to the picture. Agriculture is to go, and poor rural England is to be turned into "an interminable park." And when psychology becomes "an exact science" we shall know how everybody will behave in any given circumstance, and breed only useful citizens, and become, I presume, a really reasonable world—the ghastliest suggestion. No more muddling through! No books except those which have "an irresistible appeal" for everybody! No "surprises" in art! The imagination begins to boggle at such horrors.

JOHN NORTH

Whose new novel, "St. Peter and the Profile" (Jarrolds: 7s. 6d.), is reviewed in this article. The book is the story of the life and death of Sir St. Peter Ledborough, the once eminent portrait painter

LUCKILY, however, we shall still have our sports and games, and, even more luckily, women are still to be men's inspiration. There are to be no women Chathams and no Dowager Disraelis, though they will play their part in the fields of research and presumably take their turn at watching the beef-steaks grow. They will be kept, that is to say, in their place. "An average woman," Lord Birkenhead admits, "is more valuable to the State than an average man; but even the most gifted woman is less valuable to the State than an exceptional man."

SO there it is, and if I seem to have made fun of the beef-steak which grows, there is little doubt that science has it in store for us. And I cannot point to a single conclusion that is drawn in this volume which seems in the least far-fetched. On the other hand I could have wished for a more daring and much more intimate book. One of the chapters is called "Everyday Life in 2030," but there is little if anything in it about the little everyday things of life. However, if Lord Birkenhead is not yet a novelist, he is a piquant essayist, and his book (unlike those of the far-distant future) will come to many people as a pleasant surprise.

MR. JOHN NORTH'S new novel, *St. Peter and the Profile* (Jarrolds: 7*s.* 6*d.*), is very distinctly his best—a charming little comedy which goes cheerfully off the rails and remains off the rails all the time. I enjoyed every word of it, and the only criticism I have to make is that the ending seemed to be a little too abrupt. As for the portraits, two of them, Henry Mellow and his wife, are quite first-class. They live in a south-eastern suburb, and they *are* that suburb. Henry is not exactly hen-pecked, and his wife is by no means an unholy terror, and yet—well, these two dear things deserve more than one short book devoted to their amiable selves.

MR. NORTH, however, is not satisfied to introduce you to his Mellows: he has, as I have hinted, a curiously unexpected little story to tell, in which a once fashionable painter, a hard-working journalist, the journalist's rich girl friend, and the Mellows' daughter all play their parts. It is Miss Mellow's profile which is responsible, indirectly, for the tragedy of Sir St. Peter's death—though it was the other girl whose car ran him down—and perhaps her profile has something to do with the disastrous end to Virginia's romance with the journalist. Yet the two tragedies (if that be the right description, and on this point I will not be too definite) coalesce quite legitimately into a comedy which you will find very much to your taste. Mr. North has four or five novels to his credit, but none of them has the grace and the whimsical charm of *St. Peter and the Profile*, which is a wholly delightful entertainment. R. S.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MERRY HELL. By Thomas Dinesen. (Jarrolds: 7s. 6d.)
ROMANCE OF GEORGE VILLIERS. By Philip Gibbs. (Hutchinson: 12s. 6d.)
AT THE BACK OF BEYOND. By R. Remnant. (Chambers: 7s. 6d.)
A MAN OF MANNERS. By Philip Hughes. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)
THE MARRIAGE OF MILLDRUM STRANGE. By Talbot Munday. (Hutchinson: 6s.)
THE BLUE POOL. By Valentine. (Ward, Lock: 3s. 6d.)
GALLONS ORCHARD. By H. de Blacom. (Murray: 7s. 6d.)
CHARLES AND MARY. By Joan Temple. (Allen and Unwin: 3s. 6d.)
LETTERS OF PRINCE VON BULOW. By F. Whyte. (Hutchinson: 24s.)
OUT OF STEP. By Derek Walker Smith. (Gollancz: 7s. 6d.)

Fashions Fancies

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph* *By Underwood*

FORMAL WRAPS HAVE UNEVEN HEMS

Long and slender, its lines following those of the figure, this black marocain coat from Harvey Nichols is typical of those that will be worn for formal functions in Town. A curved band of sable squirrel adds interest to the sleeves and the oval panels, while it also forms a most becoming frame for the head

THE NEW COAT LENGTHS

By Olive Caley Smith

Delicate crystal bands hold in place the feathers and veil of this becoming Court head-dress created by Emile

Three Prevailing Modes

THE full-length coat will always hold its own because of its usefulness, but this season it has to compete with three serious rivals: the youthful bolero jacket, which just reaches the waist; the hip-length coat, which is predominant in the evening; and the three-quarter or seven-eighth length coat, which is seen alike with country and afternoon ensembles. These have one great point in their favour, for they are deceptively slender and deprive the longer skirts of any suggestion of dowdiness.

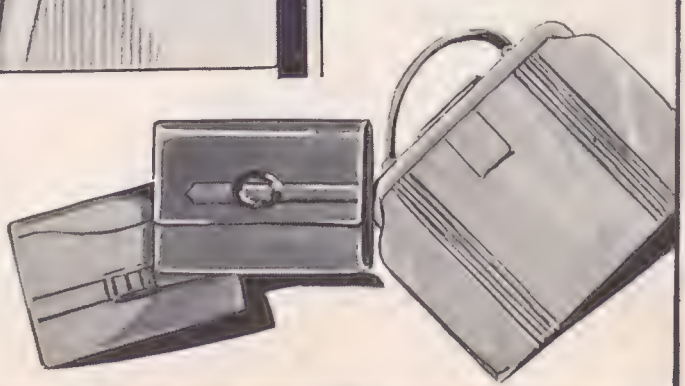
SKETCHED in the centre of this page is a very charming suit in red and white pin-spot lainage. It is beautifully cut, and is worn with an oyster-coloured crêpe de Chine blouse. Those who might prefer it in black and white, Lido or navy blue and white, or reseda and white can see it in any of these shades at Peter Robinson, Oxford Street and Regent Street, where it is available for 9½ guineas.

All-British Handbags

WOMEN, having realised the tremendous difference that accessories can make, devote much time and careful attention to the choice of handbags, which is as it should be, since no single item of feminine paraphernalia is more conspicuous. A group of distinctive Shillacraft models is depicted at the foot of this page. Made in coloured Morocco, they are all British, and several of them have been purchased by Her Majesty the Queen, who has expressed the highest appreciation of their merits.

THE "Du Barry" is on the right and is panelled with uncrushable cording. It costs 25*s.* 6*d.*, and is very commodious, having a centre pocket which is carried to the bottom, making two distinct divisions. The "Pompadour" is procurable for 18*s.* 6*d.*, and has a novel buckle on the flap. Should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining them a postcard should be sent to W. Shillaker and Co., 8-10, Half Moon Passage, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

Pin-spotted lainage expresses this slender suit from Peter Robinson. The very short coat has an upstanding collar and is worn over a crêpe de Chine tuck-in blouse



Some all-British Shillacraft bags, which are made of Morocco in a variety of attractive colours and designs

Coiffures and Clothes

THE flowing lines and graceful folds of the new frocks have influenced hair-dressing modes, which have become very soft and youthful looking. The waves—even those that are permanent—are arranged rather far apart, and are noticeably flatter than they were last season, being finger-modelled to preserve the contour of the head, a few soft tendrils or little curls straying across the forehead.

THESE new coiffures achieve perfection under the influence of such an artist as Emile, of 24, Conduit Street, whose postiches are world-famous, and who enjoys a marvellous reputation for permanent waving and every branch of hair culture. The charming Court head-dress on this page has been created by him, and is particularly suitable for a debutante, the ornament consisting of light crystal bands which are threaded beneath the hair at the back to hold the feathers in place.

"The ENGAGEMENT is ANNOUNCED—"

Bassano

Miss Nancy Ogilvie Grant, whose engagement to Lieutenant Norman Luard, R.N., has been announced. The latter is the son of Admiral J. S. Luard, C.B., and of Mrs. Luard

Yevonde

Miss Ismay Crichton-Stuart, the elder daughter of the late Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart and the Hon. Mrs. A. M. Ramsay. She is engaged to Viscount Tiverton, only son of the Earl and Countess of Halsbury

Bassano

Miss Isolde Grosvenor, who is engaged to Mr. W. R. J. A. R. West, of the Grenadier Guards. She is the eldest daughter of the late Lord Arthur Grosvenor and Lady Arthur Grosvenor

Miss Maureen Guinness, whose marriage to the Earl of Ava will take place in June. Her fiancé is the heir of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava

Lenare

IDEAL HOMES— NOT at OLYMPIA

AN UNDIE-STUDY

Bessie Love, the film star, joins the Band of Soap and puts in a little hard work at the washtub. The quality of the apparel to be washed seems greater than the quantity

Anita Page, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film star, turns on the domestic—and scullery—tap at the bidding of the camera-man. Her "fans" will doubtless be edified to learn that the photographer assures us she is "quite domestic in the absence of the cook"

In the circle Miss Betty Nuthall is seen at work in her kitchen. She has taken up advanced cooking and her touch with pastry is very much lighter than her forehand drive. Below, Pauline Frederick, the Warner Bros. film star, is seen busy in the kitchen in a costume which, although serviceable, is hardly likely to find favour in the eyes of the average British cook - general

MOTOR NOTES

AMERICA'S "PUSH-SALES" LITERATURE

By E. M. Wright

A CAR OF DISTINCTION

A Hillman "Straight Eight" Saloon seen outside the precincts of Windsor Castle. This car is noted for a combination of speed and comfort

WHEN the importer essays to sell foreign cars to the British public in these days he is up against an astonishing amount of prejudice. In fact, it is one of the features of the last year or two that this prejudice in favour of the British article has grown to such proportions that it is becoming increasingly difficult to do good business in the purely foreign product. Bearing this in mind, it pains me, and must surprise many British motorists, that many of those who are selling purely foreign cars do not even go to the trouble of getting out literature of their own in the English language.

***

ON applying in a private capacity for the catalogue of one such concern I was sent a whole library of literature written in the purest Americanese and produced in the fashion that is unmistakably transatlantic. Here I came across talk about "many new lines of body styles." In another place it was reported that they were "very new," although personally I could not see the slightest difference between them and the thirty odd other makes of American car. I have always been under the impression that there is only one make of American car that has any claim whatever to exclusive lines, and this is the Stutz, the straight-eight models of which are distinctly European in outline as they are in wheelbase—for this was the first American concern to adopt a distinctly long wheelbase on which commodious coachwork can be mounted without unsightly overhang at the back.

***

SIMILARLY, the word "beauty" was in great demand. Of all terms to apply to American pressed steel coachwork I should have thought this ought to come last; but, of course, tastes differ. One comes across some quaint phrases. Speaking of those devices whereby the corpulent rich lever themselves out of the feather-bed comfort of their seats in the rear compartment of opulent limousines, the catalogue says that "two 'assist cords' of silk are fitted." Can these be the "rope pulls" which have appeared in the language of the Daimler catalogue from time immemorial, the word "silk" being, of course, superfluous?

***

AT the same time these latest American cars, as shown at the New York Exhibition in January, contain many praiseworthy features, which are excellently brought out in catalogues. Slanting windscreens are at last coming, some five years after the principle gained favour in this country. Outside visors are slowly departing, though I cannot see that even now the American saloon minus the finishing touch of its visor is pretty to the eye. Silent seconds and thirds in the gear box are spoken of as "new." As a matter of fact the middle ratios of the American three-speed gear box are higher than before, and this is a good thing if it means that top gear is also a little higher. I notice with relief a tendency to call the power unit an "engine" instead of a "motor," and even to call the vehicle itself a "car" instead of an "automobile." Another phenomenon I welcome is the growing tendency to refer to engine ratings by the brake-horse-power obtained instead of the quite arbitrary figure for nominal horse-power which is forced upon us by our absurd system of taxation.

MISS JULIA FAYE

The well-known Goldwyn film star, seen with her Willys-Knight Coupé. This model is becoming increasingly popular owing to its extreme comfort and smart appearance

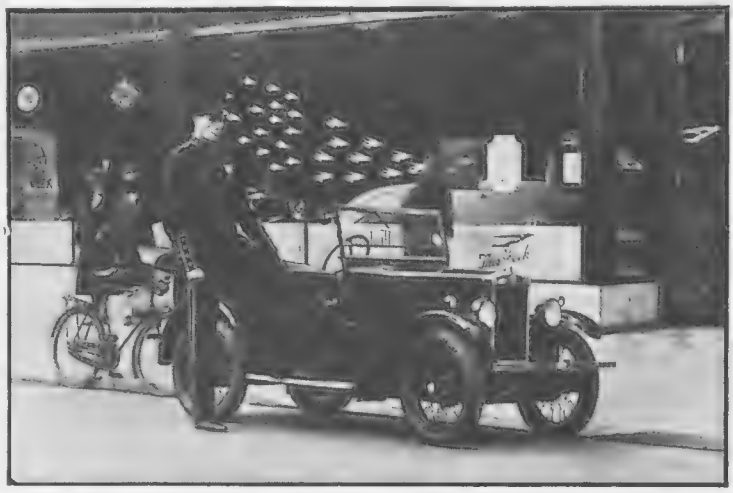
ALTOGETHER I cannot help deriving a good deal of amusement from these American catalogues. But the amusement ceases when I see one or two British concerns adopting these Americanisations in the wording of their advertisements and publicity literature. For instance, one of the oldest-established and most typically British of our manufacturers has recently been talking of his car as "'powered' by a 'motor' of such-and-such horse-power." What is wrong with the good old phrase "fitted with an engine of . . ."? And if I ever see a British catalogue discoursing upon "new *lines* of body *styles*," or cheapening that wonderful word "beauty"—into the waste-paper basket it goes.

Stunting with an Austin Seven

UNTIL he gets used to it the novice can do some very funny stunts with an ordinary Austin Seven. One is when, on a certain kind of dry surface, he leaves the hand brake on by mistake while engaging the clutch and acceler-

ating. This causes the back wheels to execute a dance while the back of the car rears up like a restive Shetland pony. Most of us have seen this kind of manœuvre often enough in the traffic round us. We have smiled in conscious superiority and thought no more about it. But when Mr. George Clarke saw it in a traffic jam in Oxford Street one day it struck him that properly developed it would make an excellent music-hall turn. Suiting the action to the thought, he procured an ordinary Seven tourer, altered it slightly, and went into training. In due course he produced the turn in America, where it proved a veritable "wow." Judging by cuttings I saw from the New York papers the Press went mad over it.

Returning to England to take the lead in the present Gaiety show, *Darling, I Love You*, he introduced it there, and night after night it causes screams of laughter. Practically the only alterations to the car are the fitting of a fireproof gauze round the carburetter and a special tank to hold the very limited supply of spirit allowed by the regulations. George Clarke's skill in handling the car in the limited space is perfectly marvellous to me as a motorist.



MR. "HIGH TEST"

Of the Anglo-American Oil Co., with his Morris Minor. Although he may claim to be one of the tallest men in the country—he is nearly 7 ft. high—he finds this handy little car well able to fulfil his needs, as well as affording him a comfortable driving position

The Latest Lanchester

THOUGH produced by one of the oldest-established concerns in the industry, the Lanchester straight eight, of which I was given a demonstration recently, is typical of the best and most up-to-date British practice. Many features of the chassis are world famous, and some—such as the Lanchester crankshaft vibration damper and the silent worm drive—have been adopted for manufacture under licence in every country which makes motor cars. This trial demonstrated that the Lanchester straight eight will do its 70 without fuss or bother, and climb an awkward and tortuous gradient such as Box Hill in top gear, though the hairpins tested the steering lock to the utmost and brought the speed down to little more than walking pace.

***

MANY motorists are under the impression that a car of this size is only for the man who keeps a chauffeur. Often the keenest owner-driver is inclined to shrink from handling and maintaining a big vehicle. But the Lanchester, let me say at once, is designed to give ease of maintenance as much as, if not more than, the most "popular" of popular family cars. A good instance is the method of chassis lubrication. Where grease is required the nipples are grouped in easily accessible positions. Where oil is the lubricant there are oil boxes with direct feed to each point, and these need contain enough oil to last on an average three months.

***

IT will cause no offence, I am sure, in Euston Road if I conjecture that the old-established firm of Ewart & Sons of that thoroughfare are better known in the bathroom than the garage. What I mean is that their geysers and other delectable bathroom fittings must be familiar—at any rate to readers of THE BYSTANDER—the world over; whereas it is not so generally known that they also manufacture most excellent wheel discs for motor cars. This just shows how versatile some firms can be. E. M. W.

ABERDEEN approves Castrol economy!

Messrs. C. C. Wakefield & Co., Ltd.,
Wakefield House, E.C.2.

ABERDEEN.
24th March, 1930

Dear Sirs,

AUSTIN SEVEN R.S. 8505.

Three years ago I purchased a standard open tourer costing then a little under £150. I decided then to use only one type of oil and I chose Wakefield **CASTROL XL.**

Since then the car has travelled over **35,000 miles** under the hardest possible use on the roads of this country and those of France and Switzerland.

During that time the engine has **only been twice decarbonised** and recently — after 35,000 — the engine was for the first time taken down and overhauled. It was found to be **in perfect condition,** piston rings being the only new material required; a result which can be accounted for only by the excellence of the lubrication of the oil used.

The performance of the car is better than ever and oil consumption is still about **1,200 M.P.G.**

I am,
Yours faithfully,
F. C. (signed)

P.S. You may use part or all of the above in any way you may choose —F. C

WAKEFIELD
CASTROL
MOTOR OIL
— the Product of an ALL-BRITISH Firm
C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD., Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

SUPREMACY

Maintained by persistent research and specialised production throughout 38 years.

There is a type for your car and Wireless Set too

C·A·V **The Worlds Best BATTERY**

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE NO. D.2./-

C·A·V Depots and Agents throughout the country, and obtainable from your local Garage or Battery Dealer.

C.A.Vandervell & Co. Ltd. ACTON, LONDON, W 3

THE Triumph Super Seven is not judged according to any known standard. From first to last it is made to be the finest small car in the world. It is not cheaper than this car or more expensive than that—it is in a class by itself.

There are models from £162 10s. or £45 9s. 6d. down.

Lucas electrical equipment and Dunlop tyres standard.

Write for the Catalogue.

TRIUMPH *Super Seven*

The finest small car in the world.

Triumph Motor Co., Ltd., Coventry. London: 218, Gt. Portland Street, W.1 (1st Floor).

and now the "magical Six"

From this date onwards we are ready to receive your orders and execute them at short dates for the

AS OLD AS THE INDUSTRY — Riley — AS MODERN AS THE HOUR

14 h.p. 6 Cylinder

Deauville Saloon

(the Magical Six)

of which Mr. Throssell, Motoring Correspondent of "The Daily Telegraph," recently wrote—

"Few single models have ever scored such a meteoric success as the Riley 'Nine'—all the features of the 'Nine' are repeated in the 'Fourteen'—its vigour for a 13.5 rated horse power is as amazing as that of the 'Nine'—it will maintain a steady fifty without pressing and with never a sign of flagging, and at that speed it is perfectly delightful to drive . . . . The Silent Third is really silent.. it is lively, a good climber, sticks to the road like a leech, and can apparently be driven for ever without fatigue."

THIS ANNOUNCEMENT WILL BRING A RUSH OF ORDERS—WE KNOW IT FROM THE INTEREST DISPLAYED—THOSE ORDERS WILL BE EXECUTED IN STRICT ROTATION. WRITE NOW—RILEY (Coventry) LIMITED, COVENTRY AND 42 NORTH AUDLEY STREET, LONDON, W.1.

SPORTING POSSIBILITIES of NORTH WALES

By "Clodhopper"

MISS PRETYMAN

On her favourite hunter watching the Kennel Club Field Trials Spring Meeting, recently held at Orwell Park, Ipswich. The meeting attracted an unusually large crowd of spectators

THESE notes are written in the historical and quaintly picturesque twelfth-century Merionethshire town of Dolgelley, on the outskirts of which Owain Glyndwr gave the famous —but, according to local tradition, greatly vaunting—Hotspur such a "thundering drubbing" on the 4th June, 1401. From a naturalist-sportsman's point of view, Dolgelley, or Dol-y-cyll, "The dale of the hazel groves," is situated in a delightful valley on that well-stocked trout-stream the Wnion (pronounced Oonion) at the foot of Cader Idris, and is surrounded on all sides by high hills. It might, in fact, be called the beauty spot of Wales and the *Ultima Thule* of the wandering fly-fishers' peregrinations through the Principality. Apart from the trouting possibilities of the Wnion, the Mawddach, which joins the former river at a point below Dolgelley, provides excellent salmon and sewin fishing. After a "fresh" in late July, August and September, the Mawddach gives delightful sport, and a friend of mine who leases a lovely three-mile beat of the river in the fairy-like Ganllwyd Valley (Princess Mary's wedding-ring was fashioned from gold found in this valley) above Tyn-y-Gros, together with a small neighbouring grouse moor, lands a considerable number of salmon every season of between 8 lb. and 15 lb.

THE trout inhabiting the Wnion and Mawddach seldom exceed ½ lb., but they are free-risers and wonderfully game. That beat of the former river lying between Dolgelley railway station and Dr. Williams' School Bridge is free, but quite worth fishing. Below, the water is preserved, but tickets to fish the same may be obtained at quite a moderate charge from the hotels and various shops in Dolgelley. The same remark applies to salmon and trout permits for certain preserved portions of the Mawddach. I am told, although I have not yet fished it, that the Arran Brook, which runs through the town from a small mountain lake, contains lusty trout of excellent flavour and good fighting qualities.

Photographs *Sport and General*

CORNWALLIS WHISPER

Is the name of this fine pointer seen at Orwell Park with its owner, Captain Rodney E. Ricketts, and Mrs. Ricketts. This Show is the biggest field event for gundogs in the whole of the year

ALL the lakes and streams lying on the south side of the River Wnion are free, with the exception of the lower portion of the Torrent and a stretch of the Abergynant Brook below the road. I may mention that the various riparian owners of private streams and lakes within a wide area of Dolgelley are, generally speaking, exceptionally generous in granting permits to sportsmen of the true type. In ascending Cader Idris, three good lakes are met with. The first and earliest of these is Gwernan, which is at its best from a trout-fisher's point of view during March, April and early May. Llyn Gafr, about a mile higher in the ascent, simply teems with hard-fighting and free-rising trout, and is good throughout the season from the time the snow has melted on the summit of Cader. June, however, is about the best month for Llyn Gafr. At the foot of the famous Foxes Path and considerably higher up the Cader slope is Llyn Cader. I have not fished this lake, but am told that its trout are both small and late. Llyn Cynwch, which lies under the Precipice Walk, is noted for its exceedingly handsome "silver" trout and immense numbers of perch.

IT is necessary to obtain a permit to fish the latter lake, from which, by the way, the water supply for Dolgelley is drawn. In my experience small flies throughout the season should be used on Welsh waters, amongst the most deadly being the Red Spinner and March Brown in April and May, and the Coch-y-Bondy and various Duns during the remainder of the season. When the rivers are very low a Coch-y-Bondy, with a live gentle or a piece of white parchment to cover the hook, will frequently 'tice a brace or so of trout. In writing these present Notes I have wandered very much away from my usual "beaten track" of shooting. It occurs to me, however, that at this season of the year many readers of THE BYSTANDER would be glad to know where really good trouting, amidst some of the most charming moorland, mountain and coastal (Barmouth lies within ten miles of Dolgelley) scenery to be found in the British Isles, can be obtained for the asking. Dolgelley boasts excellent hotels, and the golf courses at Portmadoc and Harlech are within a comparatively short motor run of the town.

THE grouse-shooting in this portion of Merioneth is by no means to be compared with the salmon and trout fishing. General John Vaughan, who rears very extensively on his beautiful estate, Nanney, holds very big covert shoots every season, as do also one or two other of the principal landowners in the county. Big bags of grouse, however, are rather the exception than the rule, while partridges, owing to there being absolutely no cultivation in the district, are, to all intents and purposes, non-existent. The estuary of the Mawddach appeals to one as being ideal for punt-gunning on a small scale, for it is well sheltered between high hills, and abounds with good feeding-grounds for fowl.

EXPERT VALUES HILLMAN AT OVER TWICE ITS PRICE

"Everything I have said I would say again if the car cost £1,000, but as a matter of fact it costs less than £500."

That is what Mr. A. Percy Bradley, Clerk of the Course at Brooklands and expert Motoring Critic, writes in an article on the Hillman Straight Eight in the 'Sphere.'

Here are some of the points he mentions—

"Improved almost out of recognition in a very short space of time . . . . speeds in excess of 60 m.p.h. and at no point in its range is there the slightest trace of vibration . . . . . I know of no other car that goes along more smoothly or more silently. . . . . The suspension is beyond criticism and the steering is in the same category. . . . . I can make no suggestion as to how any part of it could be improved."

FOURTEEN FROM £310

STRAIGHT EIGHT FROM £430

HILLMAN

THE HILLMAN MOTOR CAR CO., LTD., COVENTRY.

World Exporters:

ROOTES LTD., DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1.

Gunmakers by Appointment To H.M. King George V.

WESTLEY RICHARDS

NEWLY DESIGNED LIGHT MODEL GUNS—fitted free at our Shooting Grounds, Hendon; where coaching and Gun practice under expert instructions are carried on.

ORDER EARLY FOR SEASON 1930

23, Conduit St., London, W.1

REAL HARRIS AND LEWIS HOMESPUNS

The aristocrat of all sports wear—direct from makers. Patterns free. Cut lengths by post. Carr. Paid. James St. Tweed Depot, 72, Stornoway, Scotland.

Why go Grey?

HINDES' HAIR TINT

tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical Certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores, and Hairdressers, 2/6 or direct—

HINDES, Ltd., 60, Parker Street, Kingsway, London.

This Summer

holiday in CANADA

the Sunshine playground

Whatever holiday you want this year, Canada offers brilliant sunshine and bracing air; a holiday with all the excitement of "abroad," yet among your own countryfolk and amid some of the world's most beautiful scenery.

Plan now for a holiday tour with the Canadian National Railways, whose trains and hotels are famous for their comfort and cooking. Independent and conducted Tours, occupying 23 days and upwards, at Popular Inclusive Prices from £58, beginning June 27th.

GRAND 7 WEEKS' ESCORTED TOUR to the Rockies and Pacific Coast leaves July 25th, returning via New York, September 6th, £195 inclusive. Write for Booklet No. 4—TO-DAY.

CANADIAN NATIONAL

A Great Railway in a Great Land

(INCORPORATED IN CANADA WITH LIMITED LIABILITY.)

European Head Office: 17-19, Cockspur St., London, S.W.1.

19, James Street, Liverpool.
75, Union Street, Glasgow.
40, Brazennose Street, Manchester.
82, Queen Street, Cardiff.
134, High Street, Southampton.
326, Broad Street, Birmingham.
14, Shakespeare Street, Newcastle.
74, High Street, Belfast.
1, Rue Scribe, Paris.
Or Local Agents.

The RUBBER BELT AND BODICE

This wonderful bodice and belt will prove the greatest boon to all women. Light, comfortable, durable, hygienic, and absolutely invisible under any garments, it moulds and retains the natural figure. Reduces without ill-effect.

The belt is 12 inches deep. 12/6 Post Free.

Belt slightly heavier for General Wear, with 4 silk suspenders. 17/6 Post Free.

The Bodice is 8 inches deep, with removable shoulder straps. 7/6 Post Free.

These proved satisfactory Garments have hitherto only been sold at luxury prices.

Money refunded in full if unsuitable.

Send measurements next to skin.

Made and sold only by

Maison Rosenbaum Ltd.

(Dept. "B")

466, OXFORD STREET, W.1.

'Phone: Welbeck 8384. Est. 50 years.

DOGS

THE WINNING WAY — By "The Kennelman"

THE coming fortnight will bring quite a number of minor Dog Shows, many of which will be full of interest, especially for folk living in their own respective districts. There's Guildford to-morrow, Thursday, Blackpool on Saturday, Aberdeen on Monday, and Surrey (at Horley) on Wednesday next, May 7. And another for Saturday of this week is the St. Albans Show: a specially good centre for Gun-dogs and Terriers. But the two big events approaching, of which London and south country doggy folk in particular should make a note as engagements not to be missed, are the great Joint Terrier Show—remember, there are nearly a score of separate Terrier breeds—at Olympia on May 13, and on the two following days, Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th and 15th, the annual Championship Show of the Ladies' Kennel Association, now one of the biggest of the year.

FROM the social and all-round sporting point of view, no less than in a strictly doggy sense, these three days at Olympia will bring a tamasha on the grand scale, at which you will meet friends human and canine from every part of the country; especially, of course, the men and women who love hunting and shooting, and all who are keen on Dogs.

"THERE'S real hard work behind the success of modern sportswomen in most fields, and especially in their success with Dogs," writes a West Country correspondent in a letter to me. "For the Manchester Show the other day, Mrs. Russell Cook left home at 6 a.m. on the Tuesday with her three Bloodhounds in the back of the car. At the end of the Show on Thursday she started off on her 200-mile journey, reaching home at 2 a.m., and proceeding at once to the careful feeding and disinfection of the Hounds. That's the spirit that makes for winning in the open!" True; and even for something better than winning, for *deserving* to win.

LADY DENT

One of the passengers on the Cunard liner s.s. Mauretania, photographed on deck with three English Setters bred in well-known kennels in America

WILL readers please note that the simplest way of getting into touch with leading breeders and kennels in any part of the country is to inquire of the Hon. Secretaries of the specialist clubs concerned with the breeds in question. Their addresses can be obtained from the Kennel Club (84, Piccadilly) or the Free Information Bureau, 40, St. Mary Axe, E.C.3, and, having obtained the names of leading breeders in your own district, you can always arrange by letter for visits and inspection of young stock. It's always best to see Dogs in their own native surroundings; and this, too, is the way to get first-hand information of the helpful sort. Don't forget to ask for written diet sheets—quite as important as pedigree forms. The youngster that is well clear of all weaning complications in May has a good long stretch of open-air conditions before him for furnishing; and that's a big score.

GOLF
on 2 Tip-top courses.
Stay and Rest or Play with Zest
at the
Palace Hotel BUXTON
Golf. Squash Rackets. Horse Riding. Tennis. Badminton. Swimming. Dancing.
Write R. Hewlett for Season's Programme.

INTENSIVE BUSINESS COURSE AND SECRETARIAL COLLEGE
offers courses of training for well-educated men and girls: training for Organization and Management, Secretarial and Directorial Control: Shorthand, Typewriting and Languages. For full particulars apply Registrar, Intensive Business Course, 3 Marlborough Gate, W.2
Phone: PADDINGTON 3320.
Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd.

Two Steeples
HOSIERY & UNDERWEAR

BY APPOINTMENT
ECONOMISE but still secure West-End Tailoring
Bernard Weatherill's reputation for tailoring is second to none. Men come here to economise, and leave with the satisfaction of knowing that this has been achieved. They have the added knowledge, too, of realising that the gratification of West-End tailoring is still secured—but at an appreciable saving!
Lounge Suits and Overcoats to measure from 7 guineas; Plus Four Suits from 7 guineas; Dinner Jacket Suits from 10 guineas.

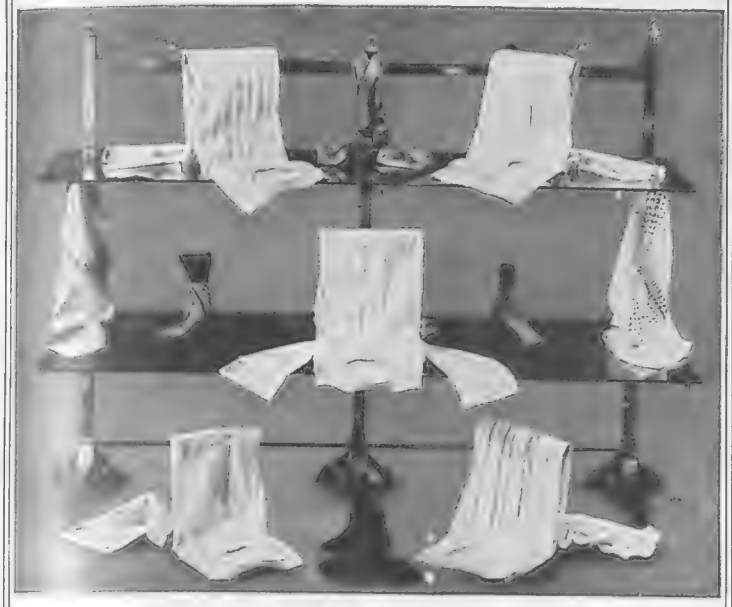
Bernard Weatherill Ltd
55 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1
81 Cannon Street, E.C.4 Birmingham: 39 Cannon Street
BRANCHES AT ASCOT. ALDERSHOT, CAMBERLEY

DOG MIXTURE In Bottles from 7/6
BENBOW'S
THE FINEST TONIC & PICK-ME-UP
2 BARTHOLEMEW CLOSE LONDON, E.C.1.

Stop that Cold with
VAPEX
(REG TRADE MARK)
INHALANT
Simply put a drop of "Vapex" on your handkerchief and breathe the germ killing vapour which rises from it. This vapour becomes stronger and stronger as you inhale. You can feel it penetrating and clearing all the passages of the nose and throat.
Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-
THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

By Appointment to H.M. the late Queen Alexandra

New Designs for 1930



Turnbull & Asser

LTD.

71-72, JERMYN ST., LONDON, S.W.1

Telegrams: "Paddywhack, Piccy, London." Telephone: Gerrard 4631-4632

First Thing Every Morning Drink Hot Water & Lemon

Flush Out "Acid Stomach" and Intestinal Accumulations

Most of us suffer in some degree or other from acidity. Due to our sedentary habits, unnatural eating, excessive smoking and other abuses of health, too much acid forms in the stomach and the system. The excess acid causes acid-indigestion with gassy fullness, sourness, and burning. It sets up putrefaction of the waste matter in the bowels, which in turn breeds poisons that are absorbed by the system and makes us dull, lazy, and headachy.

One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines and make the whole digestive tract sweet and clean. You can make the hot water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You'll take a new interest in life. You'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you'll be more eager for work and play. You'll sleep better at night. The whole world will look different to you because you'll be internally clean. If nothing else than for a test, get four ounces of Kutnow's Powder to-day at your chemist and begin taking it to-morrow morning.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free)

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.

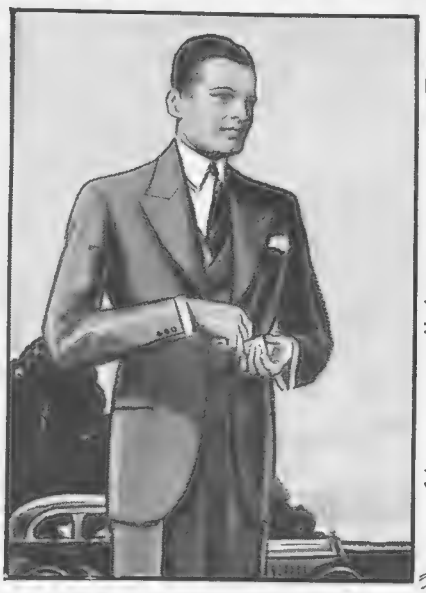
The First Special Hospital in London devoted to Cancer Treatment and Research.

AN URGENT APPEAL IS MADE FOR **£150,000** for a new Radiological Block and other extensions which will add 80 beds to the Hospital.

AND ALSO FOR RADIUM.

Bankers:—Messrs. COUTTS & CO., 440, STRAND W.C. J. COURTNEY BUCHANAN, *Secretary*.

Maintaining Appearances!



WHATEVER assembly one enters, the personality of a smartly dressed man is felt and respected. To be well dressed is a social duty. And this is easily carried out when your suits have a "COURTINE" LINING—woven by COURTAULDS. The firm, glossy texture maintains the shape and comfort of every garment. Both yarn and finish are chosen for dependable wear.

"COURTINE" LININGS of all colours and weaves are definitely guaranteed against fault. Your Tailor can match any cloth.

Ask your Tailor to use "Courtine" (REGISTERED) LININGS

The name is on the Selvedge.

If any difficulty in obtaining "COURTINE" LININGS, write direct to the Manufacturers, COURTAULDS, LTD., 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1

"KELVIN" COMPLETE MOTOR LAUNCHES

FITTED with the famous "Kelvin" or "Kelvin Sleeve" or "Kelvin-Ricardo" Engines, correctly installed and carefully tested afloat by the actual manufacturers, the range of KELVIN Launches offers a wide choice of skilfully designed and reliably constructed craft suitable for sea and river service.

Our Catalogue, containing informative diagrams and full particulars, will be sent immediately upon request.

25 to 30 finished hulls are usually carried in stock so that the more popular models are always available for immediate delivery.

THE BERGIUS COMPANY LIMITED, DOBBIE'S LOAN, GLASGOW.

THE GOURMET — Conducted by EMILIA

Dîner

HORS D'ŒUVRES VARIÉS.

CONSOMMÉ AUX EPINARDS.

BLANCHAILLES.

CARBONADE D'AGNEAU.
POMMES NOUVEAUX. HARICOTS VERTS.

POULET À L'AMÉRICAINE.
SALADE.

ASPERGES AU BEURRE.

CRÈME DE VANILLE.

CANAPÉS À LA BISMARCK.

CAFÉ. DESSERT.

MR. ARTHUR GIORDANO
The Managing Director of Kettner's Restaurant

Blanchailles

DREDGE flour an eighth of an inch deep over the surface of a clean cloth; place the whitebait on this and separate each one with a fork. Shake them in the cloth gently until they are covered with the flour all over, then turn them into a frying basket and shake off the superfluous flour. Plunge this into a pan of boiling fat, but do not try to cook too many at a time, for they must be entirely covered with the boiling fat. Stir them carefully, so as not to break them, once in three minutes' time, and then once again; four to five minutes should be ample time to cook them thoroughly, as they should not be allowed to turn brown. Lift out the basket, give it a shake, and then turn the whitebait on to a dish on which is some white paper on a hot dry cloth, place them in the oven, and let all the fat dry thoroughly. Serve in a hot entrée dish on a lace paper, with slices of lemon, thin brown bread and butter, and cayenne pepper served separately.

Carbonade d'Agneau

TAKE a good-sized loin of lamb which has been boned, spread it with a forcemeat made according to the directions given below, roll it up tightly and tie it with tape at each end and in the middle, and roast until thoroughly cooked. Remove the tapes and serve the loin with some good brown gravy poured round the dish. For the forcemeat take half a pound of mushrooms, chop them very fine, and mix with 8 oz. of breadcrumbs, 2 oz. of suet, and a small quantity of grated ham; season well with pepper and salt, and mix with two eggs.

Poulet à l'Américaine

THIS is a boiled chicken, served in a white sauce with oysters.

Canapés à la Bismarck

CUT some rounds of bread with a two-inch cutter, fry them a light brown; spread over each some anchovy butter, then curl round each an anchovy well washed and trimmed; sprinkle over them olives very finely shred.

THE "Allegro"
AUTOMATIC HONING & STROPPING MACHINE

PRICE 15/6

Combines in the one machine the STONE for HONING and the LEATHER for STROPPING.

'. . . . About five years ago I purchased one of your 'Allegro' machines and during the whole of that time I have used only two blades—which speaks well for the sharpening qualities of the 'Allegro'."
(Signed,) J. A. GOUNDRY (Rev.)

TRY IT—MONEY BACK AFTER A WEEK'S TEST.

From all Stores, Cutlers, Druggists, etc.

&from Allegro Machine Co., 23a Old Bond St., London, W.1. (Descriptive booklet on application)

Enjoy the Pleasures of the Table

VICHY-CÉLESTINS *Natural* Mineral Water comes from the world-famous Célestins Spring. It is bottled at the Source, under State Supervision.

Taken at mealtime, Vichy-Célestins is a very pleasant and *proved* corrective for gastric trouble and liver disorders. It gives zest to the appetite, and helps one to enjoy a hearty meal—without fear of digestive derangement.
Obtainable at all Hotels, Clubs, Chemists, Stores, etc.

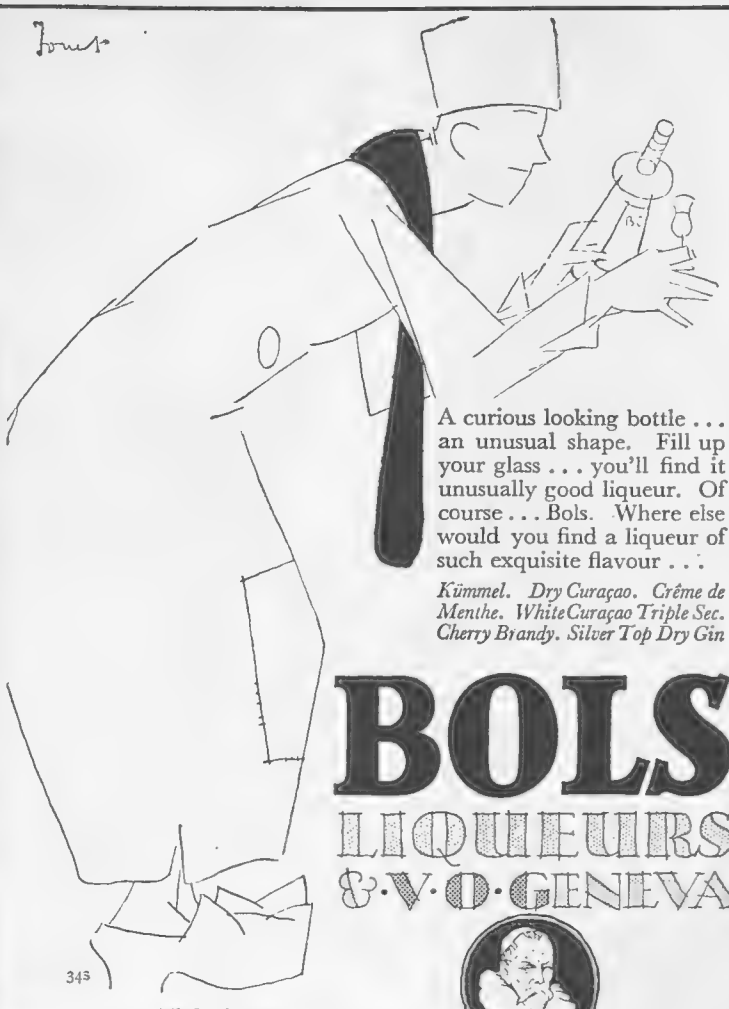
The French Natural Mineral Water.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the *Sole Wholesale Agents:*
INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD.,
Bangor Wharf, 45, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.1.

VICHY ETAT

BRITAIN'S MOST BEAUTIFUL GUEST HOUSE? STRAIGHT ON SIR



A curious looking bottle . . . an unusual shape. Fill up your glass . . . you'll find it unusually good liqueur. Of course . . . Bols. Where else would you find a liqueur of such exquisite flavour . . .

Kümmel. Dry Curaçao. Crême de Menthe. White Curaçao Triple Sec. Cherry Brandy. Silver Top Dry Gin

BOLS
LIQUEURS & V·O·GENEVA

Wholesale Agents:
BROWN, GORE AND WELCH, LTD., CORN EXCHANGE CHAMBERS, SEETHING LANE, LONDON, E.C.3

1575

CHANGED FOXES!

AN INCIDENT WITH THE CATTISTOCK HUNT

A fine print in colours after the original picture by

LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.,

has now been issued by THE SPORTING GALLERY

REMARQUE PROOFS (limited to 25 only) £3 . 3 . 0

ARTIST'S PROOFS (limited to 150 only) £1 . 11 . 6

The actual size of the print is approximately 15 inches by 10 inches.

Other prints after Lionel Edwards (published in similar editions to the above) are:—

"PUNCHESTOWN: Jumping a Big Bank."
"A ROYAL VICTORY: The Prince of Wales winning a Pt.-to-Pt. Race."
"THE INVASION" (Devon and Somerset Staghounds).
"TARR STEPS" (Devon and Somerset Staghounds).
"THE BERKELEY at Berkeley Castle."
"THE QUORN at Shoby Cross Roads."
"A GRASS COUNTRY: The Fernie near Billesdon."

To be obtained from all Printsellers or by post (Inland Registered Postage 1/- extra) from

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

HARVEY NICHOLS
OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE

NEW STRAW HATS

LARGE HAT in fine Baku Straw, hand embroidered Chenille to tone. In all colours.

Price 79/6

TELEPHONE NUMBER:- SLOANE 3440

NOTE.—Please write for our new illustrated General Catalogue, post free.

HARVEY NICHOLS & Co. LTD. KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Fine Camera Free

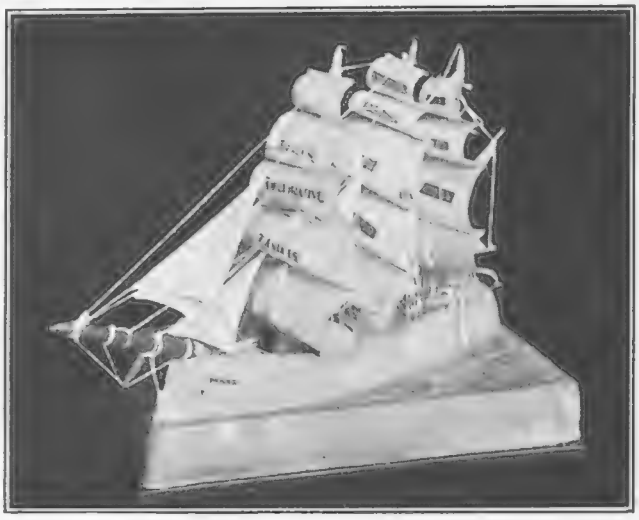
A wonderful new British Kodak-made camera, which has a portrait attachment incorporated, has been specially designed for the Black Cat Cigarette people this year. It enables you to take "close-ups" and portraits as well as the ordinary long-distance views. Even those who already have the usual type of camera should also get one of these portrait cameras for 200 Black Cat coupons. It is ideal for holiday and home pictures, and brings added joy to the amateur photographer.

A New Restaurant

An intimate scheme of decoration is the feature of Debenham and Freebody's new restaurant in Wigmore Street. The room, which has been designed and carried out by Turner Lord, is more suggestive of the dining-room of a private mansion than a restaurant. It is in the style of the period of William and Mary, and is strictly traditional in all its details, to the panelled walls, which are painted a soft shade of bluish-green, and the windows curtained with a chintz that takes up their tone, together with the wine colour of the carpet. The wall lights take the form of small shaped and engraved mirrors carrying sconces, which have been reproduced from a particularly charming model of the period. Toned to a shade of biscuit colour, the ceilings harmonise with the colour scheme of the room, the whole result being most pleasing to the eye.

A Firm's House Mark in Wax

For those who are continually discussing the devastation of progress, here is a refutation of the argument that modern industry has killed the spirit of craftsmanship. A member of the staff of Messrs. Price's Candle Works at Battersea (which firm, by the way, celebrates its centenary this year) has modelled a full-rigged ship copied from the well-known house mark of the company. About 40 lb. of wax were required, and the material was obtained entirely from ends of candles, tapers, and candle wick. The model was completed in 30 hours, and no tools except a plane-iron and a razor-blade were used. It seems, therefore, that, in this old-established firm at least, craftsmanship is by no means dead.



MADE FROM WAX

Forty pounds of wax from candle-ends and tapers were used for this fine model, taken from the house mark of Messrs. Price's Candle Factory. It was made by one of the firm's workmen, who used only two instruments, a razor-blade and a plane-iron. The rigging of the ship consists of wick

A Reception for the Press Delegates

It is announced that the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere will hold a reception at Bridgewater House on Tuesday, June 3, in honour of the delegates to the Imperial Press Conference. This is the fourth conference to be held, and will arouse considerable interest among those who are connected with the Press, as well as in the general public.

A Paris Attraction

On May 16, at Claridge's in Paris, there will be held a "Nuit de l'Elegance," at which there will be a large and varied display of the latest fashions in dress and furs. All the celebrated "houses" will be represented, and many well-known Society people have announced their intention of being present. The charge for entrance (dinner included) is 250 francs, and profits are being devoted to the "Gueules Carsées."

Summer in the Mediterranean

Those who are anticipating a summer cruise to the Mediterranean cannot do better than to travel via the S.S. Britannia on one of the special trips arranged by the Anchor Line. By this means passengers are able to enjoy every sense of comfort, while also having the advantage of seeing a great many places of interest. The steamship fares include all meals on the ship, whether at sea or in port, and at places where the steamer does not berth alongside the quay passengers will be landed and re-embarked, without charge, by ship's launches or tenders. Among the excursions that can be made are those to Pompeii and Vesuvius. Further particulars are to be had from The Anchor Line (Henderson Brothers), Limited, 12-16, St. Vincent Place, Glasgow.

Taste its Highland Flavour

IN the rush of present day existence there is but little time to remember all you read while you run . . . . that is why it is always necessary to emphasize that "M.L." (Mackinlay's Liqueur) is the Whisky with the "Highland Flavour" about it.

ML

"There's no use talking— TASTE IT!"

Mackinlay's

LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

There's no use talking— TASTE IT!

Distilled, blended and bottled in Scotland by CHAS. MACKINLAY & Co., Distillers, Leith; and at Trafalgar House, Waterloo Place, London, S.W.1.

Also MACKINLAY'S V.O.B.

ML ML ML ML ML ML ML ML ML ML ML ML ML ML ML ML ML ML

By Appointment Hard Lawn *Tennis Court Makers to H.M. The King*

"EN-TOUT-CAS" SUCCESSES

BRITISH HARD COURT CHAMPIONSHIPS 1930-1-2-3-4

(WEST HANTS CLUB, BOURNEMOUTH)

BRITISH JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS 1929 (ALL-ENGLAND CLUB, WIMBLEDON)

THE NEW IMPROVED "En-Tout-Cas"

HARD LAWN TENNIS COURTS

Are being used for the above Championships

FRENCH HARD COURT CHAMPIONSHIPS 1929-30-1-2-3

DAVIS CUP CONTEST 1929

CHALLENGE ROUND OF FINALS

THE "En-Tout-Cas" BOUHANA

HARD LAWN TENNIS COURTS

Were selected for these important Meetings

Write for illustrated booklet and full particulars to:

THE EN-TOUT-CAS Co. (Syston), Ltd., SYSTON, Near Leicester.

London Offices: Fortnum & Mason, 182 Piccadilly, W.1.

United States Agents: H. A. ROBINSON & Co., Inc., 400 Madison Avenue, New York.

Agents for Canada: ERNEST A. PURKIS, Ltd., 53 Yonge Street, Toronto.

THE GOSSARD *Line of Beauty-*

This Gossard re-proportions your Figure

TO-DAY'S *ensemble* is perfectly mirrored in the flowing symmetry and graceful sweep of lines achieved by the new Gossard garments.

It is expressed with that infallible appreciation of style which makes Gossards so everlastingly right, approving the selection of the woman who always demands the best in modern corsetry.

Model 1022.—An attractive Hookaround of heavy Satin, with Sections of elastic at the sides. Lightly boned, it fits above the waist, and gives the newest figure line. Daintily trimmed. Pink. Sizes 24 to 36. Price - - **47/6**

The Brassière illustrated is Model 8002, made in Uplift style, cut low at the back. Ecru Lace. Sizes 30 to 36.

We invite you to write for a copy of our Illustrated Catalogue, together with name of nearest Gossard distributor.

THE BRITISH H. W. GOSSARD CO., LTD., 168, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1
(WHOLESALE ONLY.)

GREY HAIR
INSTANTLY RECOLOURED

HERE is a delightful treatment for banishing greyness. It brings back the original youthful colour to the hair and leaves each strand soft and lustrous. It is permanent. Shampooing or waving the hair cannot affect the beauty of the renewed colour. It is simple. One application occupying a few minutes completes a perfect recoloration.

IT is the Inecto treatment and can be obtained at the Inecto Salons or at any hairdresser specializing in Inecto recoloration.

INECTO
SALONS:
32, Dover Street, London, W.1
Telephone: Regent 7931

THE "FLORE II."
Smart little Sports Hat in Waterproof Superfine Felt which will roll up and is suitable for all Country Wear. In all head sizes and the new Spring Colours **30/-**

A selection of any Hats sent with pleasure on approval on receipt of reference, or cheque will be returned if not approved.

No agents or branches, therefore their well-known Hats can only be obtained from the address given below.

By Appointment. ROBERT HEATH Ltd. *By Appointment.*
ONLY ADDRESS: *Sloane 7285.*
37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISES

By S.S. "Britannia"
From GLASGOW BELFAST and LIVERPOOL

17 Days Cruise
17th July—3rd Aug.
Glasgow, Belfast, Arosa Bay, Malaga, Palma (Majorca), Tangier, Lisbon, Belfast, Glasgow

24 Days Cruise
7th Aug.—31st Aug.
Glasgow, Belfast, Liverpool, Malaga, Palma (Majorca), Naples, Malta, Palermo, Gibraltar, Liverpool, etc.

Shore Excursions at each port

Write for illustrated booklet to
ANCHOR LINE
26-27 Cockspur Street, S.W.1
48 Fenchurch Street, E.C.3
Cunard Building, Liverpool
St. Vincent Place, Glasgow
or Leading Tourist Agencies

COGNAC FROMY

HALFORD'S CURRY POWDER
MAKES DELIGHTFUL & DIGESTIBLE DISHES.

"LOCH TORRIDON"
A NEW MODEL BY FRANK H. MASON

Length (figurehead to stern), 12½ inches.

The Sporting Gallery has the pleasure to announce that the first copies of Mr. Frank H. Mason's new model of the famous four-masted barque "Loch Torridon" are now ready. As in the case of Mr. Mason's previous models of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark," twenty-five reproductions only, numbered and signed, will be made under the artist-craftsman's personal supervision. The price will be Twenty-five Guineas (packing and transport extra). *All reproductions of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark" have been sold and copies of either model are at a premium.* Orders for "Loch Torridon" will be booked and executed strictly in rotation, and early application is therefore most advisable. "Loch Torridon" has been selected on this occasion by Mr. Mason in deference to many requests for a model of one of the celebrated Clyde-built barques, which rank admittedly among the most shapely and beautiful vessels ever launched.

An example can be inspected in The Sporting Gallery.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2.

Try this Perfect Blade

5 FOR 1/8 — Obtainable from usual suppliers — 3 FOR 1/-

Made by JAMES NEILL & CO. (Sheffield) LTD. Crucible Steel Manufacturers, SHEFFIELD.

When replying to advertisements please mention

THE BYSTANDER

to ensure prompt attention.

The Best of British and French Fashions at Economical Prices may be seen at

WOOLLANDS

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

No. 26.—Practical Slip for wear under any Coatee. Made in good quality Pleated Georgette. Stocked in Black only, but can be made in several good colours to special order. **Price £3 18 6**

No. 27.—Dainty Dressing Gown, made in our own workroom. Of good quality Washing Satin, lined Silk, Collar and Cuffs of Georgette, trimmed Lace. Colours: Pink, Helio, Rose and Saxe. **Price 6½ Gns.** Recommended for the full figure.

No. 28.—Pretty Dressing Jacket, made in Washing Satin, lined Silk, daintily trimmed with Ruched Ribbon and Lace. Colours: Pink and Sky. **Price 3½ Gns.**

Nos. 29 and 30.—New Model Tea Frock, specially designed for the O.S. Figure. Made in coloured Lace, lined Crêpe de Chine, with separate Coatee, unlined. Colours: Wine, Beige and Black. **Price complete 8½ Gns.**

No. 31.—Charming Tea Gown, made with Pleated Georgette, Underslip and Coat of Printed Chiffon, in various Multi-colourings. Full Ladies' size. **Price 11½ Gns.**

No. 32.—Slippers in Quilted Satin, trimmed Marabout. Colours: Salmon Pink, Wedgwood and Paris Brown. Sizes: 4 to 7. **Price 14/9**

No. 33.—Mules in Fancy Brocade, lined Satin and trimmed Ruched Ribbon. Sizes: 4 to 7. **Price 17/9**

You may park your car behind

WOOLLAND BROS., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

SUMMER TERM

DELIGHTFUL phrase—for it means in most cases abandonment of the serviceable navy blue or brown of the Dog Days, and permission to make a choice of your Summer outfit. Whichever you like best Mother will buy for you, since she is sure that it will be practical and will look just as dainty at the end of the term.

1. 2. 3.

4. 5. 6.

1. **GIRL'S SCHOOL COAT** in best quality navy serge, lined throughout and finished with belt across back. Price for 30", 69/6. Sizes 32", 73/6; 34", 79/6; 36", 84/-; 38", 89/6.

2. **PRACTICAL FROCK** in plain coloured shantung, pleated skirt; bodice with new shaped yoke and pin tucks, finished with collar and cuffs of natural shantung. In almond green, powder blue and primrose yellow. Price for 34", 55/6. Sizes 36", 59/6; 38", 65/6.

3. **WASH FROCK** in flowered Duro cotton; fitting bodice and box-pleated skirt finished with white stitched belt and muslin collar edged narrow lace. In white/brown, white/blue and white/red. Price for 34", 15/6. Sizes 36", 17/6; 38", 19/6; 40", 21/6.

4. **WHITE CREPE DE CHINE FROCK,** suitable for school wear or Confirmation; front finely tucked from shoulder yoke, collar trimmed with hand hemstitching. Price for 34", 75/6. Sizes 36", 79/6; 38", 84/-; 40", 89/6.

5. **COSTUME** for school wear in brown checked tweed; pleated skirt attached to a sateen bodice; double-breasted coat, lined throughout. Sizes 26", 7 yrs., 89/6; 28", 8 yrs., 94/6; 30", 10 yrs., 98/6; 32", 11 yrs., 5 Gns.; 34", 13 yrs., £5 10 6; 36", 15 yrs., 5½ Gns. (Lengths taken from neck of skirt bodice.)
BERET TAMS, stocked in all plain and pastel shades, 4/6 each.

6. **WELL-TAILORED COAT** in grey flannel, split at back, lined throughout and finished with finely stitched belt and collar. Price for 30", 84/-. Sizes 32", 89/6; 34", 94/6; 36", 98/6; 38", 5 Gns.; 40", £5 10 6.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

(*Debenhams, Ltd.*)

Vere Street & Oxford Street, London, W.1

STAMPS Fine Selection of the Rare Stamps of all countries sent on approval at 9d. in the 1/- discount off catalogue prices.

G. E. Waitt, "The Outspan," Whitstable, Kent.

OBESITY

THYROID GLAND ANTI-FAT PILLS

quickly remove all superfluous adipose tissue accumulated in the cells of the system, bringing stout men or women to their normal weight, at the same time giving vigour, new life, vitality, strength and nerve force. This standardised treatment, double strength (sufficient for four weeks) sent on receipt of 10/- post free. Only obtainable from **MARTIN, Herbalist, 10, WELFORD RD., LEICESTER.** BOX 89.

When replying to advertisements please mention

THE BYSTANDER

to ensure prompt attention.

PAN YAN PICKLE

has a way
of making away
with cold joints

Maconochies make it.
All Grocers sell it.

WALPOLES

WALPOLE BROTHERS (LONDON) LTD

175-176, SLOANE ST., LONDON, S.W.1
89-90, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1
108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, W.8

Established 1766

Our Illustrated FASHION BROCHURE

will be sent Post Free on request

No. BO.340. Exquisite Wrapper in figured Crêpe-de-Chine, having a beautiful exclusive design on Saxe, Vieux Rose or Black grounds. A perfectly cut and finished "Walpole" Model, lined throughout Japanese Silk 89/9

Dainty Boudoir Cap in Net and Lace, with ribbon and floral trimming. In Rose, Blue and Mauve 8/11

No. BO.341. Most becoming Boudoir Jacket of Floral Silk Crêpe-de-Chine in dainty shades of Pink and Maise. Perfectly cut and finished by our own skilled workers 39/11

Charming Boudoir Cap in Needlerun Lace, with posy of flowers and ruched ribbon 12/11

Post Free in British Isles.

WE ARE REBUILDING and extending our premises in NEW BOND STREET.

Window display is curtailed, but stocks and values are as exceptional as ever. Inspection cordially invited.

ATTRACTIVE SLEEVELESS BLOUSES

Catalogue post free.

ARMING GEORGETTE BLOUSE, th pleated fichu, edged lace of a lenciennes design; and rows of in- rtion on revers. In lemon, ivory, ige, pink, and other attractive lours. Sizes 42, 44 and 46

PRICE 49/6

Size 48, 55/9 *Sent on approval*

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY
(Debenhams Ltd.)
Wigmore St. (Cavendish Sq.), London, W.1

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast and After Dinner.

In making use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE

Carpets cannot be thoroughly freed from dust whilst on the Floor.

CARPETS BEATEN

PATENT STEAM

CARPET BEATING

COMPANY LTD

196, YORK ROAD, KING'S CROSS, N.7

CARPETS SHAMPOOED. CARPETS DYED.

COLLECTION AND DELIVERY FREE. *Tel. 4280 North (4 lines).*

Country Enquiries Invited.

PETER ROBINSON

Two-piece Suits

(First Floor)

535. Attractive Two-piece of Silk Marocain with pipings and strappings of the material. The Coat and Gown are cut on very graceful lines. It can be had in chocolate, navy, or black.

17 Gns.

536. Smart Ensemble of Crêpe de Chine. The Gown is finished with printed Crêpe. The Cape is worn loosely from the shoulders. In almond-green, chocolate, black, or navy.

11 Gns.

In sizes to fit most figures.

PETER ROBINSON, LTD., OXFORD ST. & REGENT ST., W.1.

Your CHAUFFEUR

can be fitted by Moss Bros., without delay and at a minimum of expenditure with a perfectly tailored outfit. Finest quality materials, guaranteed for hard service.

Finest quality heavy weight

BLUE SERGE SUIT	6 Gns
BLUE OVERCOAT	5½, 6½, and 8½ Gns
BLUE RAINCOAT	70/- and 97/6
MACKINTOSH	65/-

MOSS BROS & Co LTD

NAVAL, MILITARY, R.A.F & GENERAL OUTFITTERS

of Covent Garden

CORNER OF KING ST & BEDFORD ST, LONDON, W.C.2.

Telephone: Temple Bar 3341 . . . (6 lines)
Wires: Parsee Rand, London

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

"Isn't it Marvellous?"

Many of our customers write to say how astonished they were at the result of cleaning in the "Achille Serre Way." The expression "it really looks like new" is quite a regular comment on our work. The many economies to be effected by our service are known to thousands all over the country and we should like an opportunity of proving how helpful we can be to you.

"Most Women Do" is the title of an interesting little book, illustrated by Norman Keene, on Ladies' Dress. We shall be pleased to post a copy on request.

T.15

Jumpers (*woollen*) *cleaned from* **3/-**
Jumper Suits „ „ **6/6**
Dresses „ „ **7/6**
Light Coats „ „ **7/6**

Return Carriage Paid if sent direct

Achille Serre Ltd.
Blackhorse Lane, London, E.17

HARVEY NICHOLS OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE

A new Flowered Chiffon TEA DRESS

A TEA DRESS in Flowered Chiffon with graceful shoulder cape, narrowing to the front of bodice. Full godet skirt with tie at waist. In a lovely range of artistic Chiffons.

Price 6½ gns.

Telephone: SLOANE 3440

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO. LTD. KNIGHTSBRIDGE. LONDON. S.W.1.

BY APPOINTMENT

HENRY HEATH LTD
105·107·109·OXFORD ST.,W.

BY APPOINTMENT

SANS SOUCI
(Regd.)
"The smartest and lightest hat in the world."
A practical hat that can be adapted to any desired shape and will roll for packing. 29/6
Obtainable from any of our Agents or sent on approval on receipt of cash or London reference.

RELIABLE LADDERLESS RAYON LINGERIE

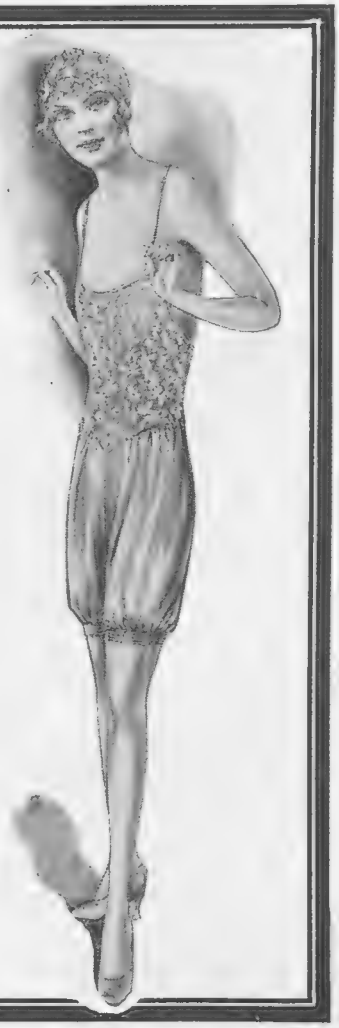
The attractive Camibocker illustrated is made from ladderless rayon, a material which has greatly increased in popularity during the last few years. We can thoroughly recommend its lasting wearing and washing qualities.

CAMIBOCKER in reliable ladderless rayon, tight-fitting lace bodice very suitable for the present fashion. Elastic at knee, finished satin ribbon shoulder straps. In black, biscuit, pink, peach, ivory, cyclamen, mauve, and apricot.

PRICE
21/9

BECOMING LACE AND RIBBON BOUDOIR CAP in all lingerie shades. Price 25/9

Debenham & Freebody.
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street,
(Cavendish Square), London, W.1



The GRAPHIC

The Paper that Creates Conversation.

A. P. HERBERT contributes a New Weekly Feature called "I PROTEST." You must read this compound of satire and topical philosophy by the famous humourist

"THE CANDID CAMERA"

"Unsuspected Moments," caught by a new method of photography, in places where men and women meet

"THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS"

A Review in amusing old pictures from our files of events between 1880 and 1910

Write for Specimen Copy to the Publisher, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

1/-

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) ('Phone: Temple Bar 3161.)
3 TIMES DAILY at 2.15—5.15—8.15. WEEK COMMENCING APRIL 28.
OLGA SPESSIVA & CO.; GENE GERRARD; HOUSTON SISTERS; 62 GIRL DANCERS; JOHNNY HYMAN; CHRISTO & STRAND; NAUNTON WAYNE, etc.

REGAL Marble Arch
ALL TALKING
ALL SINGING
Padd. 9911
"HELL HARBOUR"
with LUPE VELEZ and JEAN HERSHOLT

HOTELS

SUNNY ST. LEONARDS
ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
Appeals to gentlefolk by its quiet refinement and comfort. A hundred years old, but essentially modern in all its appointments. Real comfort and quiet await you. Electric lift, private suites, central and electric heating, large public rooms, famous chef, first-class cuisine and vintage wines. Write for illustrated booklet.
Inclusive terms from 4½ Guineas.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BIARRITZ. HOTEL REGINA & DU GOLF
THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL OVERLOOKING GOLF AND SEA. SPECIAL WINTER TERMS.
M. CURVEUR, Manager.

ST. CAST (Near DINARD). Regular Motor-bus Service with Dinard.
HOTEL ROYAL BELLEVUE.
On the Beach. Modern Comfort. 125 rooms. 50 baths. 18-hole Golf. Tennis. Fine Water-toboggan.
Low season terms from Fr. 50, and high season Fr. 75. (Open 6th June.)

BELGIUM
COQ-sur-MER. THE GRAND HOTEL
(Near Ostend).
Nearest the Links, 18 holes. Free Bathing. 12 Tennis Courts. Galas.
Prospectus—Reserve your Apartments. Open June to September.
Prop.: D. DEMEULENAERE.

LE TOUQUET HOTEL BRISTOL
British Ownership.
Near Sea and Casino. 75 bedrooms with baths. Garden.
TERMS QUOTED INCLUDE TAXATION.

WENDUYNE (Belgium).
HOTEL PAUWELS-REGINA.
ON THE FRONT. FIRST CLASS. 200 ROOMS. 50 BATHS.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS (continued)

BELGIUM.

Antwerp. — Grand Hotel de Londres. 58, Avenue de Keyser. The most modern and the best clientele.

FRANCE.

Amiens (Somme).—Grand Hotel & Restaurant Picardie.—Entirely new. First-class. A model of comfort. A.A., R.A.C.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais. Highest class res. hotel. Right up to date. Renowned cuisine&cellar. Phone ev.rm. V.lge.garden.

Le Touquet.—Golf Hotel. Facing the links. 200 Bedrooms. 100 Bathrooms. Private Tennis and Squash Rackets.

Marseilles.—Grand Hotel de Geneve.—Restaurant overlooking Vieux Port. Moderate terms. Every comfort.

Monte Carlo.—Grand Hotel National.—70 Rooms. Sea view. All comfort. Full pension from Frs. 45.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus. Open all year. First class. 100 rooms with bath and phone. Luxurious suites. GEORGES ROLFO.

Pourville-sur-Mer (nr. Dieppe).—Hotel Albion. Unique view with prettiest site. Modern comfort. Renowned cuisine. Moderate terms. A. Pierre, *Prop.*

PARIS.

The Commodore.—12 Brd. Haussmann. A step from Opera. Bright and cheerful. 250 rms. 250 baths. Excellent Restaurant.

Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

PARIS—*cont.*

Hotel St. Petersbourg.—33/35 Rue Caumartin. Brit. fam. hotel. Every mod. com. Same hotel: Hotel des Balances, Lucerne.

ITALY.

Naples.—Parker's Hotel. The only first-rate hostelry for Eng. Tourists. Beautifully sit. on the Corso Vittorio Emanuelle. Overlooking Bay. Capri Vesuvius and the City.

SWITZERLAND.

Basle.—Grand Hotel Victoria-National. First Class—Renovated. Opposite the Central Station.

Berne.—Bellevue Palace and Bernerhof.—The only first-class Hotel overlooking river and Bernese Alps. Manager, F. Eggiman.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage. Leading Hotel for English and American Clientele. Facing the Lake and Mont Blanc.

Geneva.—Carlton Hotel.—Every comfort. Moderate charges. Beautiful park. Tennis. Garage. Ideal for a holiday (Playground).

Geneva.—Grand Hotel de la Paix, facing lake, up to date. Now one of the best and nicest Hotels in Switzerland. J. Baehl.

Glion.—Grand Hotel and Rigi Vaudois. Situated lge. gdn. park overlooking Lake Geneva. Terms fr. Fr.4.50. Tennis. Garages.

Glion.—Hotel Victoria. Set in own beautiful park near fine walks. All Comfort. Garages.

Vevey.—Le Grand Hotel & Palace. Beautifully situated in Large Park on Lake Geneva. Tennis. Garages.

THE BYSTANDER
INVERESK HOUSE,
346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 8020.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve months including Double and Xmas Nos.	Six months including Double Nos.	Three months no extras.
AT HOME ..	£3 3s. 0d.	£1 11s. 6d.	15s. 9d.
CANADA ..	£3 1s. 0d.	£1 10s. 6d.	15s. 3d.
ELSEWHERE ABROAD ..	£3 7s. 6d.	£1 13s. 9d.	17s. 0d.

In all cases including postage.

ORDER FORM

TO THE PUBLISHER OF
The Bystander,
INVERESK HOUSE,
346, STRAND,
LONDON, W.C.2.

Please send me THE BYSTANDER *weekly for ..... months, commencing with the issue of .....*

for which I enclose .....

Name .....

Address .....

Date 1930

Postage Rates: INLAND 1½d. CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND 1½d. FOREIGN 2½d.

Let the "GREAT EIGHT" Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

AT the Paris Offices of "THE BYSTANDER," "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE GRAPHIC," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "BRITANNIA AND EVE," and "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 211, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of all the "GREAT EIGHT" publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

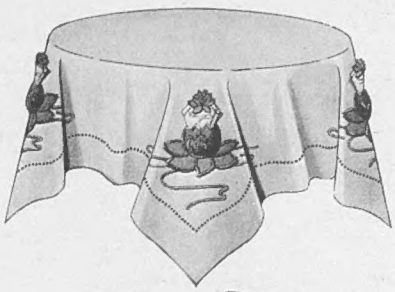
Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium and Germany are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed (regarding French and Belgian business) at 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, VIIIe, and at 211, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W.15, regarding German business.

For Switzerland and Italy our Advertisement Agents are the Agence Havas, who should be addressed at 4, Place du Molard, Geneva.

FINE LINENS

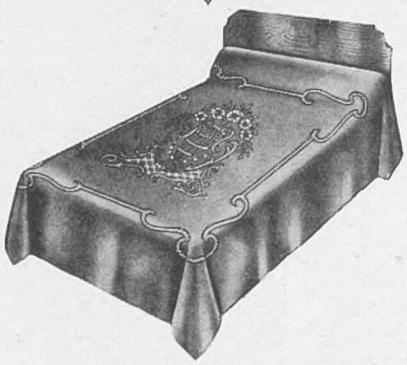
The examples below are typical of the excellent values in Linens of quality obtainable at Swan & Edgar

Irish Linen Bridge Sets



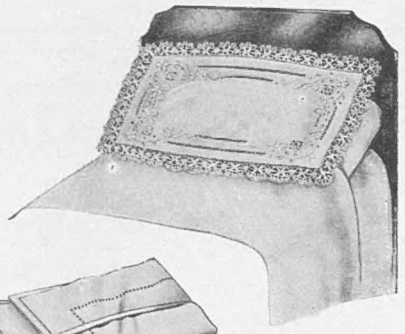
Bridge Sets. Pure Irish Linen Bridge Sets, hemstitched. In écru Linen with coloured appliqués and pocket for serviettes. In three designs: rose, poppy or water lily. Fast colours of blue, gold, red or mauve. Set includes 1 cloth, 36×36in., and 4 serviettes, 11½×11½in. **12/11** set.

Artificial Silk Bedspreads



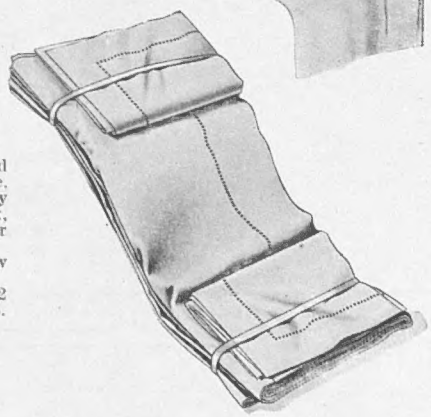
In good furnishing colours, embroidered in vase design as sketch, with flowers to tone with spread. In rose, royal blue, green, gold, wine, orange or stone.
Size 70×100in., **29/6** each.
Size 90×100in., **32/6** each.
Also a large range of other designs and qualities in stock. Prices to 9 gns. each.

Pillow Cases edged Cluny Lace



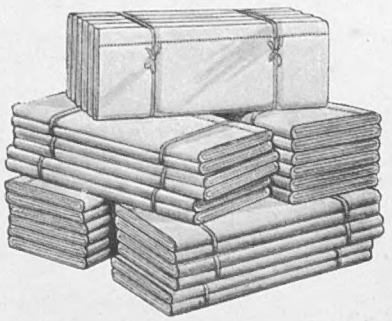
Hand-made Cluny Lace edged Pillow Cases, with attractive Venise motif and hand embroidery as sketch. Size 20×30in., **9/6** each.

Coloured Sheets



Hemstitched Cotton Sheets and Pillow Cases, Irish manufacture, in fine quality cotton, perfectly finished. In pastel shades of pink, green, mauve, blue, peach or daffodil. Supplied in sets.
2 Sheets, 72in.×3¼ yds, and 2 Pillow Cases, 20×30in., **35/6** set.
2 Sheets, 90in.×3¼yds., and 2 Pillow Cases, 20×30in., **42/6** Set.

Irish Linen Sheets



Special offer. Hemstitched Irish Linen Sheets.

Size.	Price.
2 ×3 yds.	**23/-** pair.
2½×3 yds.	**32/6** pair.
Better qualities.	
2 ×3 yds.	**29/6, 35/-** pair.
2 ×3¼yds.	**47/6, 52/-, 79/6** pair.
2½×3¼yds.	**35/-, 47/6, 59/6, 89/6** pair.
2½×3 yds.	**42/-, 52/6** pair.
2½×3¼yds.	**67/6, 89/6** pair.

Linen Department: Lower Ground Floor

SWAN & EDGAR

Swan & Edgar Ltd., London, W.1 *'Phone: Regent 1616*

PHYLLIS EARLE MANICURE imparts an excellent finish to the nails and, by emphasising their well-groomed appearance, immediately proclaims the care bestowed upon them.

THE PREPARATIONS USED are unsurpassed in their excellence. Radiant Light is an important feature and perfect sterilization of instruments is observed.

Single Treatment - 2/6.

PHYLLIS EARLE SALONS
32. DOVER STREET. W.1.
Telephone: REGENT 7931 (8 lines).

Reptile Shoes

The interesting collection of Crocodile, Lizard, Python and Watersnake shoes at the Saxone stores represent the new creations of fashion.

Style 5809/10
Fawn Snake, Bulrush Kid trim, Louis heel.
30/-

Write for Spring Booklet O.

Saxone & Sorosis
SHOES OF FASHION
229-231, Regent Street, London, W.1
Also at Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dublin, Belfast, Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Leeds, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Nottingham, Sheffield, etc.

DREAMS BY WORTHINGTON

THE CELLO-PLAYER'S DREAM

STORIES —

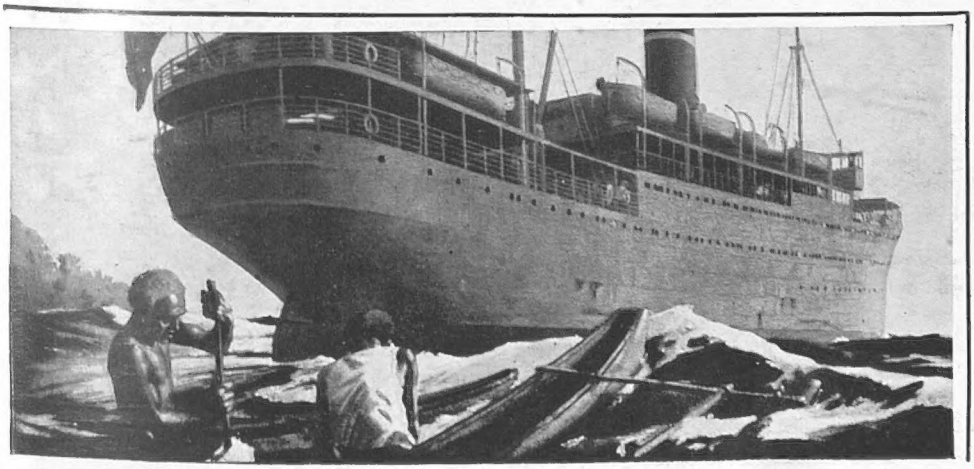
Good Stories?—Yes, and a great deal more

"THE BLACK VENUS OF RUBIANA" *by Beatrice Grimshaw*
"WHY PEOPLE HATE ME" *by Hannen Swaffer*
"LISTEN" *by May Edginton*
"THE FIGHT IS OVER NOW . . ." *by Leslie Fenton*
"FIFTY YEARS OF FASHION" *by Shaw Desmond*
"HOTEL TRAGEDY" *by Molly Panter Downes*
"TENEMENT" *by Diana Bourbon*
"THEY ALSO SERVED . . ." *by Ferdinand Tuohy*
"THE ONE ON THE PLAIN" *by Barbara Hedworth*
"FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY—PERICLES and ASPASIA"
THE FUN FAIR *painted by F. Matania, R.I.*
"ALL SORTS OF SALADS and SOME SPRING SUPPER DISHES" *by Catherine Ives*
"THE ORDERLY HOME-SPUN FIELDS" *by Achmed Abdullah*
"DON'T PITY THE POOR PLAY . . KICK THE AUDIENCE INSTEAD!"
"SWAMPED BY SONG" *by Sydney Tremayne* *by Ruth Teazle*
"BUYING AND BORROWING" *by Arnold Palmer*
"PEOPLE I DETEST" *by Storm Jameson*
"SIMPLICITY" *by Cosmo Hamilton*
"FASHION IN THE LONDON SHOPS" *by Madge Garland*
"THE STORY OF LACE" *by Wilma Bernhard*
WHEN SUMMER COMES . . .
TENNIS CLOTHES AND ACCESSORIES
FANCIFUL DETAILS FOR SPRING
THE MODE IN MAY
COLOUR IN PORCELAIN AND DAMASK
"PERSONALITY IN A LONDON HOUSE"
"WALLS AND WOOD-WORK" *by Grace Lovat Fraser*
WINDOW SHOPPING
"CAMPING OUT AMENITIES" *by Elizabeth Ashley*
"THE CRISS-CROSS OF PARIS" *by H. Pearl Adam*
THE CHILDREN'S SALON
"MADAME DID YOU KNOW . . . ?"
CHOICE OF COLOUR
"HIS NEIGHBOUR'S LANDMARK" *by Lt.-Gen. Sir George McMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.*
"STEPPING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION"
"THAT WHITER SKIN OF HERS THAN SNOW . . ." *by "Chrysis"*
THE WOMEN'S GOLF SECTION *by Eleanor E. Helme*
"IN SPAIN WITH A ROLLS-ROYCE" *by The Earl of Cardigan*

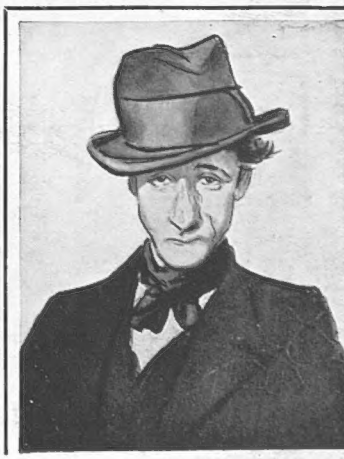
Just you buy the May issue and see

To be Sure—PLACE AN ORDER

BRITANNIA and EVE



At any Bookstand or Newsagent in Town, Country, or the Seaside
ONE SHILLING



Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE CORNWALL PRESS LTD., 1-6, Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. April 30, 1930.
Entered as second class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.